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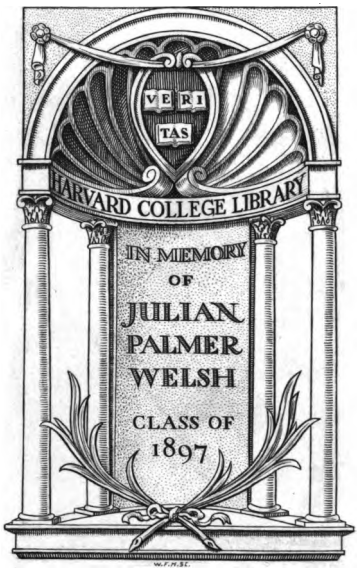

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MEMORIALS

OF

A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

"AND THEY GLORIFIED GOD IN ME."

PHILADELPHIA:
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.....
1837.

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PREFACE.

To obtrude on the community, beyond the circle of her own acquaintance, any notice of the humble individual of this record, forms no part of the design of its publication. All her desires, and those of her friends on her behalf, are consummated. Perfected in the image of her Savior, she rests in her Father's bosom of everlasting love. It is believed, however, that among the various means instituted by divine wisdom, for the perfecting of the "good work" in the souls of the ransomed, one of peculiar interest and power, is the contemplation of holy principles, as they are developed in the spirit, conversation and life of the christian.

The fact that, amid so much commendable, characterizing the present era of the church, there exists an extensive declension in personal piety, is confessed, but not sufficiently deplored. Who of us are adequately estimating the dishonor cast upon the Cross of Christ, or the spiritual loss sustained by the soul by our conformity to this present world! How much of thought and affection, beyond the call of duty, is wasted on the things which pass away, that might be appropriated to the accumulation of our eternal treasure in heaven!

If, by the divine blessing, the pious breathings here recorded, should be the means of calling back any wanderer to our Father's house, or of endearing, to any happy inmate of that house, its high privileges and holy duties, and of strengthening the resolution not to go abroad for joy, the design of the publication will be attained.

Philadelphia, November 20th, 1837.

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MEMORIALS, ETC.

HARRIET CATHARINE GREW, daughter of HENRY and CATHARINE GREW, exhibited, at an early period, tenderness of conscience which excited hope that the seed of religious instruction was watered by the gracious influences of the Spirit of God. The effect of divine truth on her heart and life was observed with grateful joy by her friends. Drawn in loving kindness, a sinner polluted and perishing, to the Cross of salvation, she confessed her Savior, in the way of his own appointment, and was "buried with him in baptism" on Sunday, January 30, 1831. She was then fifteen years of age.

To the praise of divine love be it recorded, that until she was called to enter the house of "many mansions" prepared for the chosen, she adorned her profession by the meekness and gentleness of Christ, and by some humble imitation of his own example of practical love. That her short pilgrimage was marked with deviations from the highway of holiness, in which it is the duty of the christian ever to walk, was a truth perceived and lamented more by herself than by others.

It is important to observe, that the divine life in the soul was maintained and invigorated by a sacred regard and diligent use of the means the Lord has appointed for the sanctification of his children. The word of God was more precious to her than rubies. Not only did she read it: it was studied by "comparing spiritual things with spiritual." Conscious of her dependence on the Spirit of truth, she lifted her soul to God for the fulfilment of her Savior's promise, "he shall take of mine and shall shew it unto you." Thus she was enabled to discriminate between the mind of the Spirit and the doctrines and command-

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ments of men. From the living oracles her soul was satisfied as with marrow and fatness. Nourished by "the hidden manna," she grew in grace, and in the knowledge of her Lord and Savior.

Secret retirement, both at stated and occasional seasons, for the purpose of maintaining intercourse with her Father in heaven, was conscientiously practised. So much did she enjoy on these occasions, that she expressed her desire to recommend this duty and sacred privilege to all christians. The command, "commune with thine own heart," was obeyed; but her piety was not confined to the closet: the hovels of the poor and the couch of the diseased witnessed that her religion, like that of her Savior, was to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction. On these occasions her sympathizing heart reaped the reward of her constant attention to the holy scriptures. To the weary and afflicted mind she could speak a word in season, both of instruction and consolation. To the ignorant and inconsiderate she meekly addressed some heavenly truth to awaken regard for the high interests of the soul. The performance of these duties was the effect of holy principle, cherished by divine influence in the heart, and of a decided conviction, that such services are required of every disciple of Him who went about doing good, and who assures us that "not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

As she lived, she died; believing, trusting, rejoicing. The most prominent trait of character exhibited during her last protracted disease, was acquiescence in the will of God. It was a higher exercise than simple submission. Blessed be the rock of salvation, she was favored with such views of the glory and perfection of the divine government, and with such confidence in her Redeemer's love, that she rejoiced in the midst of suffering. Her sympathizing friends beheld, with grateful admiration, the efficacy of the grace of God, in enabling her to drink with cheerfulness the cup her Father gave her. This glorious victory

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was indeed preceded by a conflict. She had been conscious of impatience in waiting to be called home. Once, after fainting, she said, "God has called me back to life, because I am not perfectly willing to stay." Afterward, she said she was enabled to repent of this, and heard the forgiving voice of her Father. On one occasion, when her sister bid her good night, she said, "I hope you never forget at night to give thanks for all the will of God concerning me." At another time, she remarked, "It is my highest joy to suffer, because it is the will of my heavenly Father." Her mother once seeing her lips move, asked her if she wished to say any thing; she smiled, and said "I was comforting myself in the will of God." Her sister spoke to her at a time of unusual suffering. She replied, "It is not very bad, Jesus is *so very* near." After coughing, she observed, "Every cough brings me nearer home, and it is the will of God." Then clasping her hands and looking upwards, she said, "my dear heavenly Father, I do want to glorify thee." She added, "He bears with my weaknesses, my spiritual weaknesses." Recovering from a fainting fit, she said, "sweet—the will of God." At another time, "my heavenly Father loves me, and Jesus loves me, and he says, I love them that love me, and here I have the evidence that I do love him." "There is always happiness (she remarked) in the thought that the will of God is done." Being informed that the physician thought she could live but a few days, with a placid smile she said, "that is good news." A short time before her departure she exclaimed, "the will of God, the will of God, O it comforts me, it comforts me."

Her happy soul breathed the spirit of adoption. Among all her sacred privileges, that of crying, with the affection of her whole heart, Abba, Father, was what she continually longed for and enjoyed. She distinctly expressed, that in her meditations on the divine character, it was in the contemplation of the endearing relationship of *Father* that she enjoyed the most thrilling exercise of devotion. Blessed saint! In the enjoyment of the sweet earnest of the holy felicity of heaven; in the exercise of

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the same spirit which constitutes the celestial element of the beatified, there was no place for death's sting or his terror. The whole scene was peculiarly hallowed. "Quite on the verge of heaven." The holy savor of it still rests on our souls more precious then the dew of Hermon. All was ascribed to the grace of God in his dear Son. Her entire dependence on that grace was deeply felt and acknowledged. "I feel (she remarked) as if the Spirit did every thing for me and in me." On Sunday morn, July 9th, 1837, she lay as on the bosom of her Savior and breathed her "life out sweetly there." Without doubt, she is now drinking of the river of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God. To the God of all salvation be the everlasting glory. Amen.

The following lines were addressed to her a short time before her death.

Pillowed on thy Savior's breast,
Rest thee, darling, sweetly rest;
In his love thy faith entwine,
Tendril of the living vine.

Ransomed of his bleeding heart,
Christ and thee can never part;
'Tis his love now calls thee home,
Where no sin can ever come.

He will bear thee hence away;
Who would ask thee here to stay?
See! He opens heaven to thee;
Hear the rapturous melody!

Farewell darling: we shall meet
Where our love shall be more sweet;
Where no parting token's given,
Where no friendship tie is riven.

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To our Father's name we'll raise,
Anthems of eternal praise;
While our souls forever move
In the orbit of his love.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PRIVATE JOURNAL OF HARRIET CATHARINE GREW.

April 11th, 1834. This eve has been a delightful season. My Father has smiled upon me and cheered my heart by the gracious words, "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." I long to live entirely to his glory; to feel the flame of love increasing, and to obtain victory over every foe.

13th. Oh! how exceeding great is the mercy of the Lord. He hath sent the Comforter, and hath himself visited his unworthy servant. I consecrate myself to thee, gracious Father. May my life be filled with usefulness, and when all seasons for doing good in this world are over, may this spirit serve thee better, in a higher and purer sphere.

15th. I trust, my Father, that thou wilt hear the cries that ascend to thy throne, from many a heart, that our school may receive the dews of heavenly grace. I often feel that I am not a fit teacher; yet I would not leave the work, but press forward in the way of devotion and exertion, and hope in God that I shall yet do something for his glory.

17th. My heart is not as grateful this morning for my many blessings as it ought to be. The calm azure sky, and brightly beaming sun, and balmy air, have filléd me with a gentle feeling of peace: but I fear that my soul has forgotten, in some measure, the gentle and lovely being that breathes this holy calm over all things. I have just read the gracious words, "casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." How full of parental love they are. If we have a spirit of confidence in God, we

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shall not forget, in casting our care upon him, to put forth our own exertions, and fight manfully the fight of faith.

23d. To-day I expect to take the charge of a charity school. I wish to be faithful—to impart that instruction which will fit the pupils for the service of God. I daily find that to do good, or to be happy, I must maintain constant communion with my Father in heaven. Oh! how I long to have an abiding feeling of filial affection. Thanks to thy grace, my Father, for the holy hope that, through Jesus' blood I am accepted and owned and loved of thee. I could have repented and obeyed all thy just commands, but my hard heart would not cease to be impenitent until thy spirit of love and grace softened it, and caused it to break with contrition and holy love. 'Twas thy sweet spirit's influence that changed my heart;

"Else I had still refused to taste,
And perished in my sin."

May 5th. I would resolve this evening to seek to glorify my heavenly Father more in future—to consider more the wants of the heathen and the poor despised slaves—to *do* as well as feel for them.

10th. This evening I have heard from my precious ———, and, oh! she has been growing in grace since we parted, and her heart burns with holy love to her Father, and to precious souls. This is a new joy. 'Tis sweet to think that we have both been guided by thy blest spirit, my Father, to love thee more, and to long for conformity to thine image and will.

June 30th. This morning I have, by the grace of God, given myself entirely away, to love and serve him every moment of my life. I have heretofore been only half devoted; sometimes loving my dearest Father, and then forgetting his goodness and service. Now, I would renounce every thing else but complete holiness. I long for unending communion with him.

August 6th. Amid all my changing scenes, I have the sweet

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hope that my Father guides me. How varied is life's picture. How uncertain all life's joys. My dear grandmother, and my sweet little H———, are gone to a better land. The bud has been transplanted into the pure garden of heaven, and the fruit, fully ripe, gathered into the garner of the Lord. Oh! may this holy providence sanctify my heart and impress me with the solemnity of death. To the christian it is a blessed, joyful event.

December 7th. I can do nothing but mourn over my wicked heart, and praise my gracious God for bearing so long, with such an ungrateful, unfeeling creature. I sin every hour of my life. I forget to glorify God in all I do, and I am insensible of the deep depravity of my heart. I long for more contrition of spirit; more deep, abiding humility. Oh give me thy holy spirit, my kind and forgiving God, that it may lead me in the way of holiness.

January 5th, 1835. A new year awakens new feelings in the christian's heart, and I trust it has in mine. I hope the sins of the past are all forgiven, and now I desire to progress in the path of holiness. My heart is more firmly fixed on God than it has been, and I love him more and more every day. Oh! that my tokens of love and my holy actions were equal to that love. But my heart yields to temptation continually.

"I long to dwell in heaven, my home,
Where not one sinful thought can come."

February 12th. I have felt this morning some of that peace of mind which follows deep penitence for sin. I am so constantly sinning, that I am almost tempted to believe that I am not a christian. Oh! what propensities I have to forget God; to speak idle words and to indulge in vain thoughts. But my Father never casts me off; never refuses to pardon my thousand sins. Oh! that my heart may be swallowed up in love to God. He is worthy of my whole soul. How delightful to think that we may rest all our soul's love on this blessed being;

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that we shall never love too much; never find our affections thrown away; never be separated from our best beloved. Thee would I love, my God, with all my heart, for thy boundless love to me. I ask no greater joy, than I have when I cast my all at thy feet, feeling that with thee I am in heaven, and without thee, in misery. Oh! it is ecstacy to find all our joy in the Lord: to give up every thing for him and feel that He is all in all.

13th. I have felt, while reading the sufferings of my Aunt P——, that it was hard to suffer and die. But my Father told me of his constant love, and that it must needs be so, that we may be purged from sin. My fears were banished, and the holy joy of confidence in my blessed Father succeeded.

19th. I have had a delightful perusal of the memoirs of Anna Jane Linnard. She was a devoted christian indeed. I trust that her pure example has had, and will have, an influence over my heart and life.

24th. This morning I have had a delightful season in prayer. The glory of God was my chief desire. I felt willing to be any thing, that he might be all in all. The command in my "Daily food," "pray one for another," inspired my heart with some ardent petitions for christians in general, and for some in particular.

26th. My soul is faint and trembling to-day, but I try to rest on God, and love him. It pains me much to think of the ease with which I can forget the love of Him who, like as a father, pitieth his children, pitieth them that fear him. I am ungrateful for such amazing love. Oh! awake my soul, and love the Lord in return for such unmerited mercy.

March 1st. *Sunday.* I am detained at home to-day. I find my soul very stupid. It is difficult to impress it with a sense of the love of my dear Savior. But I hope I have had some aspirations towards him, and some anticipations of the everlasting rest with him in heaven. Oh! I owe every thing to the grace of God. I am all sin. I am constantly forgetting the mercies

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of my Father, and abusing his everlasting forbearance. I must look away from myself to the dear "Rock of ages, cleft for me," and pray "Let me hide myself in thee."

April 6th. I have been thinking upon my duty as a christian, to let my light shine to those about me. How it hinders the glory of God, for his children to hide the excellency of his knowledge and love, instead of showing the light to his enemies, and constraining them thereby to glorify our Father. I have prayed that it may be so no more, and that I may use the influence I have, to turn the hearts of sinners to the love of holiness and God.

16th. I would record, for my future encouragement, the gracious visits of my Father to his unworthy child. Last week, and the first day of this, were very gloomy and sad to my soul. I had wandered from God, and conscience was awakened, and the Holy Spirit strove with me to bring me back to contrition and love. By grace divine, last Monday evening my soul was humbled, and, I trust, accepted of my God. How can I express my infinite obligation to him, for drawing me from that state of worldliness, and fixing my thoughts on himself.

22d. He that has begun a good work in me is carrying it on, and when it is completed he will receive me to his home, to be forever happy and forever pure.

27th. I must weep and sigh over my weakness and sin; but endeavor to trust in him, who knows how to comfort those that are cast down. "Why art thou cast down, oh! my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me; hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God."

May 17th. Oh! did I learn as fast as my Father is willing to teach, I should soon know more of the character of Him who is emphatically ALL IN ALL. To comprehend his attributes, will, I believe, be our endless study in heaven; and, as we advance, the measureless ocean will widen and extend, and we

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shall be ever blessed in the employment. Holy, then, like Him who is our soul's life, we shall be. This is the reward laid up for them that serve him. "Exceeding great," indeed! Holiness, ever increasing holiness!

24th. I tremble, as I write, at the hardness of my heart. How proud, how ungrateful, how base, to forget his love who stoops from heaven to forgive, to strengthen, to succor and to guide the feeble and erring.

"Oh! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take my stubborn heart away."

27th. How little do I profit by afflictions. Lord make me to *feel*, when thou dost chasten, thy love and my great need of severe correction. Remove not thy merciful dealings, by comforts or by sorrows, from me; but continue, I beseech thee, (though it is with a cold and sleepy heart that I ask it) to lead me by the way that I know not, that I may become, under thy fatherly training, fit for thy service and enjoyment. To-day I have read Mrs. H. More's pious reflections and confessions. I trust I can see a faint likeness to her ardent aspirings and humble confessions, in my slowly advancing soul. Oh! blissful thought, I hope one day to see her, and all my dear brethren and sisters in my Father's mansion. I shall love ardently, perfectly, ecstatically, Him whom I now faintly see, and still more faintly desire to love and obey.

28th. Company to tea. I wish that conversation was more intellectual and spiritual. How might we help each other on toward holiness, by conversing on subjects tending to do so.

June 8th. I have been impressed this evening with a sense of the necessity of self-denial, in order to please God and to become holy. I must deny the unholy wishes of my heart; pride, love of the favor of creatures, of ease, of health, of rest below the heavenly and eternal one. Help me, dear Savior, to follow in thy footsteps, and then I shall be self-denying, and at last holy.

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12th. It seems altogether wrong to speak of disappointments, or rather to regret them; for what is the christian's will but his Father's; and what desire has he but to unite in every wish, purpose and feeling of his dear director? How long does my God bear with me. Lord, make me sincerely contrite and believing. Then shall the peace which passeth understanding fill my heart, and thy love will be shed over my soul like a refreshing dew.

29th. I try to look away from myself to Jesus, but I cannot long forget my sad heart. My Father in heaven understands my condition, and I hope he loves me. I do not want to have his favor, and to go on in sin. Oh! to be fit for his communion; to be in such a state as to be worthy of his love, is my chief desire.

July 10. "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice." Every thing below the skies is sad and gloomy without his presence. I rejoice that he guides my affairs. I have no other hope or comfort but God. Merciful Father, leave me not, I beseech thee, ever to be satisfied without thy love.

"Break through the clouds, dear Lord, and shine;
Let me perceive thee nigh."

22d. How greatly blessed am I, though unworthy of existence. I rejoice, my Father, that thou hast calmed my heart and fixed it on thee, where I always find peace, forgiveness and love. And now I pray that my soul may fly up to thee on wings of faith and gratitude for thy forbearing mercy. May my soul be fitting for heaven, and my hours of pain and languor, though so often misimproved, be weaning me effectually from sin and earth. My soul is thine. I have, by thy grace, given it to thee; and I long to have every thought and wish employed in thy service. "Thy will be done," my Father, now and forever in my heart.

Sept. 30. I will trust in the Lord, for He is my righteousness as well as my deliverer. I will trust in the Lord, for He,

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I hope, will work in me that which is well pleasing in his sight.

Oct. 19. Surely the goodness of God follows me all my days. He leads me to mourn over my pride, vanity, ingratitude and stupidity, and shews me that these great, and almost constant sins, may be forgiven for my beloved, gracious Savior's sake. How can I forget such boundless love.

30th. *A birth day.* This morning I had a delightful season of converse with my beloved Father. I hope I heard his voice of love calling me nearer to himself; forgiving my innumerable sins, and assuring me of his protection and grace, in time to come. The past year has been varied by joys and sorrows, spiritual delights and declensions, sickness and health, but all the Lord's ways and gifts have been good and gracious.

Nov. 2d. Who can doubt the reality and power of the gospel of our Savior? It can make us rejoice in tribulation, and even under a sense of our unspeakable vileness, because Jesus has shed his blood to cleanse us. It can make us calm in the prospect of death and all sorrow. This, I trust, it hath done for me this evening.

Jan. 1, 1836. In looking forward through this new year, my soul rises to my heavenly guide for humility and confidence in Him; the most desirable of all emotions, to such a wayward and weak spirit as mine, for all the ills and perplexities of the future year. Oh! to dwell forever in the valley of humiliation. I look back with pleasure on some parts of the year that is past. The bright spots which rise before me, are those sweet moments spent in private communion with my dear Father and Savior. May they be greatly multiplied, and much more greatly prized in future. May I be advancing each day toward my heavenly home, imbibing more and more of its spirit as I advance in years.

March 15. I have been favored this evening with much joy in reading and meditating upon the prayer of our dear Savior, particularly the words, "And I have declared unto them thy

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name, and will declare it, that the love wherewith thou hast loved me, may be in them, and I in them." I thought of that name or character, as declared by the life of the Son of God: "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father;" of that character, as made known by the words of Christ, his parables and assertions. How sweetly did these words fall upon my heart. "Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance." The sweet and sublime truth taught, seems to be, that God rejoices more over the ransomed of earth, than over beings never alienated from him. Is there not a song in heaven which none but earth's redeemed ones can sing?

Oct. 21. I pray to be kept from self complacency, but my heart is very prone to it. Pride has indeed beset me, and now having confessed it before my Father, I have the sweet assurance that he will cleanse me from it and all unrighteousness. But if I look a moment from my Savior, I know that sin will rush in like a flood to deprive me of peace. I live only as Christ liveth in me by faith. I have sweet and holy hopes excited in my soul by the truth contained in the 3d and 4th chapters of the epistle to the Philippians. The comforting assertion of the apostle, that, if in any thing they were otherwise minded than that he had enjoined, God would reveal even that unto them, has shed sweet peace into my heart. Oh! I do hope that God will reveal unto me the high calling of his saints in Christ Jesus—that he will fix my eyes upon that glorious prize and help me to attain it.

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EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS ADDRESSED TO MISS ———.*

Dear M——. Let me ask you a few questions. Do you now feel willing to give up all for Christ? Have "old things passed away, and all things become new?" Do your sins appear to be very great, and God very merciful and gracious? I hope you will remember that they that have not the spirit of Christ, are none of His. "By their fruits ye shall know them." "If ye love me, keep my commandments." I ask these questions, my very dear M., in love to you, and a sincere desire that you may not, while you look for joys above, be cast forever from the Lord. You know, I suppose, that there is danger, and while we live, there is to be a constant warfare between sin and our holy desires, therefore, when you begin to feel that you are a child of God, do not consider the great business of life as accomplished, but only as begun.

Let me remind you of your duty by a few texts. "Whether you eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." "Let your light so shine, that men seeing your good works, may glorify your Father in heaven." The danger of being deceived is so great that I cannot close without once more reminding you of it. Pray the Lord to teach your heart, and do you try it by His holy word. We must have the meekness, humility, love to souls, and ardent desire to glorify God in all things, that our Savior had.

It is true there is one point on which we do not think or feel alike. Yet may I not anticipate the time when we shall both love and serve our God, with perfect hearts and willing minds? Truly, you, my beloved M., have seen the hour when the world could not comfort, when its pleasures were no solace, no delight. You speak of them as bright, as fresh, as affording happiness. Oh! that you had quaffed the cup of salvation, and drank of the

* The first three extracts were written previous to the year 1831.

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waters of life eternal; then would you not attach the idea of joy, to those things in which you now see so much beauty.

My Dear M.——I have not been devoid of sympathy in your afflictions, though I have neglected to write you. I have rejoiced in the hope and belief that you have the Comforter which Jesus promised to send, and that you have the Savior, who has "borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows," to go to in this afflictive hour. He can pity and console, for He Himself has suffered. He knew the agony of desertion by His Father, even in the bitter hour of death. You must now feel the inability of earthly things to support you, and I trust have found that in God you have an everlasting Father and friend, who will never forsake you. He afflicts, not willingly, but for our profit, "that we may be partakers of his holiness." "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every Son whom he receiveth." And my dear M. this is one proof of our adoption into the family of God, for if we receive not punishment we are not the sons of God. Though God commands us to be submissive under His chastening hand, yet He dispenses comfort with the trials, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, they shall not overflow thee, and through the fire, thou shalt not be burned." "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." And now let me say to you, "despise not the chastening of the Lord, neither faint when thou art rebuked of Him," but lift up your eyes and behold your almighty Father; place all your trust in Him. Remember His promises, "Fear not, for I am with thee, be not dismayed, for I am thy God;" I, even I, am He that comforteth you." "He heareth the cry of the afflicted." "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him." "Tribulation worketh patience." "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." "So He was their Savior, in all their affliction He was afflicted." "The Lord will not cast off

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His people." I do indeed hope that you will profit by this trial, and come forth from the furnace purified.

Boston, *June* 13th, 1834.

I admire your feelings, my dear M., upon the subject of missions. It seems to me that every christian ought to cherish feelings of deep interest for all who are destitute of the glorious hopes of the gospel, and to wish to do all they can to promote the cause of God. Ought we not to give ourselves so entirely away to our Father's service, as to be willing to labor for Him in any place, to go any where, and to suffer any privations? Let us do all we can to loose the chains of two and a half millions of our fellow creatures, and the still more dreadful fetters of the soul. It is an awful thought that so many are forbidden to read the holy word of God, and have excluded from them the light of life. But I need not try to interest your heart for them, for I trust you feel the same pity for the wretched slaves of sin and ignorance in our own land, as for those in heathen countries.

I have often thought over the subject which next appears in your letter; whether or not childhood is the happiest season of life, and must say that I do not think it is. It seems impossible that the mind should diminish in happiness as its powers expand, and its thoughts are raised from childish things to more lofty subjects. And then when a person becomes a christian after the days of childhood are over, there can be no doubt on the subject. My happiness has increased, I think, every year of my life. The last six months have been, in one respect, the happiest I ever knew. I think I have loved God more than I ever did before. I have lived more under His smiles, and though I am very sinful, and ever ready to wander from Him, by His grace I have, I trust, conquered some of my hosts of sins, and I find that He is ever ready to impart fresh aid. I have spoken my feelings, but it is to a friend. I can always sympathize with my friends, if they are christians, because we have so

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many feelings of sadness and discouragement, when we look into our hearts. And I long to express my wishes for their victory over sin. Perhaps there is danger of looking at our sins too much. We know that we have an advocate with the Father, and that by penitence we can obtain forgiveness.

PHILADELPHIA, *March* 19th, 1835.

Last evening I had the extreme delight of listening to the eloquent appeal of George Thompson of England, in behalf of the slave. I presume you have heard of this anti-slavery champion, and perhaps seen him. His reasonings are most convincing and powerful, and his entreaties most affectionate and tender. He appeals to the best feelings of man, to the holy laws of benevolence and justice. At times he is lively and humorous, then overwhelmingly eloquent and sublime. He speaks out the truth, fearing no man, and wishes to condemn the awful sin of oppression, let what will come upon him or the country; knowing that *sin* should be immediately repented of and abandoned. I wish, my dear M., that you had heard him read the 58th chapter of Isaiah, last evening, and listened to his few observations upon it. If you will read it, you may perceive what he might say of it, in application to this people. He said that if any one, after reading that firm promise of the good results of breaking every yoke, and removing every burden, would say that it was unsafe to emancipate the slaves immediately, they could not have confidence in the word of God. I hope I have not wearied you with this subject. If so, you will remember that not for myself I write, but for two and a half millions of our degraded, oppressed fellow creatures.

I have lived almost useless this winter, having been confined to the house by sickness, most of the time. My class in Sunday school I gave up, a few weeks after I took it. But I know that all our circumstances are ordered by a gracious, and unerring God, and, I trust, a kind Father. I wish to be entirely resigned to his dispensations, but I find that my heart is truly "deceitful

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above all things, and desperately wicked." I am almost ready to believe that so vile a heart cannot have been renewed. But then a sight of that ever-flowing fountain from Calvary, cheers my drooping spirits, and "bids me not despair." I trust you sometimes pray for them that love you. May I ask you to pray for no other blessings for your friend, than an increase of holiness; a freedom from the influence of this wicked world, and the corruption of my evil heart.

PHILADELPHIA, *July* 13th, 1835.

In a letter to a friend, I always desire to express my wishes for their spiritual joy. You, as well as myself, know how we can find and maintain it; and yet, judging by myself, I am apt to think sometimes, that others lose it often. I trust you are different from me, but I desire that you may abound more and more in all peace and consolation. I find that my heart is less and less satisfied with any thing but God and holiness. I hope it will always be so, and that every new mercy of our Father, will fasten our hearts more firmly to Him. If we give up all to Him, He will give us that perfect peace which passeth understanding. If we desire to be holy, we shall deny ourselves in those things which are most difficult, as well as others. I trust your heart is encouraged by the promises and presence of your heavenly Comforter. May you open your heart to receive Him, and take every hindrance out of the way, that He may delight to make his abode with you. This is the best wish I have for you, and, I doubt not, you desire no other. For with that you have all a christian can desire.

October, 26th, 1835.

My dear aunt, as you probably know, has left our sinful world. Let us rejoice whenever any of those spirits which are "made meet to be partakers" of the better inheritance, are permitted to enter upon it. "Why *do* we mourn departing friends?" Surely it would be more proper to thank God that

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one whom we love, is safe from all sin and pain. If our hearts were deeply impressed with the glories of heaven, and the shortness of time, should we not always rejoice when a "weary, wandering spirit" is received into the mansions of holiness, to which our own souls aspire, and from which we do not wish to be detained. Oh! if our hearts were in heaven, we should feel very differently, on most subjects from what we do now. My dear M., can you tell me how to keep mine there? My moments of love, joy, peace, and of possession of all the fruits of the Spirit, are so fleeting, and my "corruption within" so strong, that I am often cast down; but though cast down, not destroyed; there is one hope, one comfort always left, and that is in Him who died to save *sinners*, and not the righteous; in Him, who though He commands us to "work out our own salvation," says *He* will work in us to will and to do of His good pleasure. I hope you look to him when you are sad, for "He knows how to comfort them that are cast down." Do, my beloved M., strive above all things to keep your thoughts and affection above this vain world. We must not be conformed to the fashions and customs of the world, if they are injurious to our spiritual health. Let us show to all, with whom we associate, that we are not of the world.

December 1st, 1835.

How soon, my dear M., has this cold month come again. Winter has many charms, and brings many opportunities for doing good, and making the widow's heart to sing for joy.

Sometimes I think I am wholly governed by circumstances, but I hope it is not so. When thus rendered unhappy by them, I think it is an excellent plan to exercise feelings of filial confidence and resignation, toward our heavenly Father. In little things, my friend, let us look to Him who careth for us. I am more and more sensible that religion should influence our thoughts and desires in every thing, however trivial. The holy principle of love to our Father, ever alive in the heart, would, I

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think, preserve us from sin and sorrow. Oh! do you not often pant after the perfection of this love? It burns so faintly in my breast at times, that I almost doubt its existence, but the grace which, I trust, kindled it, does, I believe, apply, from time to time, the hidden oil which counteracts the effect of the water cast on by the wicked one. You see, by my allusions, that I have been reading that good old book, Pilgrim's Progress. I finished it a few weeks since. It was very profitable to me.

It is delightful to me to know of the spiritual health of my dear friends. May we not be helpers of each other's joy, by imparting our knowledge and experience to those who are journeying with us to heaven? I have few intimate acquaintances to whom I can communicate particular feelings, but I find it pleasant to do so, and to receive the sympathy of those who love Him who, above all others, engages my soul's affections. How holy is the christian tie! What will it be in heaven?

You have introduced a very interesting subject into your note, upon which I would love to write. The sublime, yet awful scenes of eternity. It is difficult, and, indeed, impossible to "*know* what we shall be;" it is joyous, however, to know that we shall see our Savior, and be like Him. We may calm our anxious and perplexed thoughts, by looking to "the Forerunner, who hath entered into that which is within the veil," and has prepared, (or is now doing it,) mansions for us. "Because I live, ye shall live also," is a promise, sure as it is comforting. If we rest and believe on Him who said it, it will produce peace. "Be careful for nothing, but in every thing, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your request be made known to God." This is a favorite verse of mine, or rather, (for I cannot say I prefer one to another,) a very dear one. Do you not think that the surest way of peace, is to study the bible, and do exactly as it tells us. God surely would not tell us what to do to please him, and to be happy, unless He meant us to attend, and Himself to perform His promises; therefore,

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when we are most attentive to the spirit of all His requirements, we are most likely to have his smiles.

Will you allow me here to introduce a subject, upon which, I believe, I have never written to you. The subject is baptism. I have room only to mention it, and that is almost all I wish, for I meant only to ask you to consider it, and to study our blessed book of directions, in reference to this particular subject. Should you find that you had not, in this thing, followed the dear Savior's example, and should afterward do so, you would find great joy in so doing. Of course, I do not wish you to be influenced by me, but by the word of God. We are united now, I trust, by the strongest tie, and should you, after study and prayer, conclude like our Savior, to go "down into the water," and "come up out of the water," having been "*buried* with him in baptism," we should have another bond of love around us, because every truth believed by us, binds us closer.

March 15th, 1836.

I really like your expressions of dislike to divisions, etc., among christians. I believe, my dear friend, that this is one great reason (perhaps the greatest) why the triumphs of the Savior's kingdom, over that of Satan's, are so few and weak. How can we think otherwise, when our blessed Redeemer offered such a prayer as this: "That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; *that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.*" I rejoice that we are agreed in thus desiring the answer of this petition. How do you think all christians can be thus united? Must it not be by taking our Savior's word, the bible, as our only guide in doctrine and practice? I believe, however, as I have heard another person say, that this blessed union will not exist until the Holy Spirit's influences more generally enlighten the minds, and sanctify the hearts of christians.

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August 12th, 1836.

I have, at last, my dear M., taken up my pen, to reply to your two letters. I should have done so before I left home, if I had possessed sufficient mental energy. I feel now, that I have no excuse for not being truly alive, in every sense. You would not expect me to be dull, when I have just returned from a visit to the famed Niagara. One thought, of what I saw and felt there, does awaken me now from any stupidity into which I may fall. But I am sorry to forewarn you not to expect any new displays of ability in letter writing.

We had the pleasure, on our journey, of visiting several falls. Trenton is indeed beautiful. The scenery is, in many places, very grand. There are five falls of water, about a quarter of a mile from each other. Our path lay very near the stream; sometimes on a very narrow projection of the large rocks, which form a wall of immense height. We arrived there the day after the melancholy death of Zerlina Thorne. I could not help mingling my tears with those of the weeping family, as they prepared to leave a place, to them, so marked by sorrow. I imagined myself in their situation, and I could conceive of nothing, scarcely, more afflicting.

At Rochester we visited Genesee Fall. The scenery is not particularly fine, but the fall is much more beautiful than any at Trenton. It is not majestic, but lovely. The water *seems* to glide over the precipice, with a slow and graceful motion. It was purely white, and had a feathery appearance.

Of Niagara you cannot expect me to speak. I think, if you should stand on Table Rock, and gaze a few moments, on the great cataract, you would not be disposed to utter "the strange thoughts that crowd into the brain."

My reading and studies, as you may suppose, have been much interrupted. Now I am reading the life of James Brainard Taylor. Is it not very uncommon? Oh! why may not you and I be as holy and as happy? Since I last wrote to you, I have read one of the loveliest books in the world. It is the

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memoir of Mary Jane Graham. My heart leaps at the mention of it. I wish you could read it, if you have not. I am sure it could not fail to interest you. I think, also, it would profit.

Do you not think that unless our path is growing brighter and brighter, we are not walking toward heaven? But still it is difficult, sometimes, for us to tell whether we are growing better or not. For the more we examine our hearts, the more sin we find. How necessary it is, therefore, in order to grow in grace, to "look unto Jesus." Did you ever feel fully satisfied that you knew what faith was? It seems as if I had very little knowledge of it, by experience. I believe I never think of being pardoned except through the Savior, but I fail to look only to him, for complete conformity to himself. I long to live upon him entirely. I am sure I have no other resource, no other hope of holiness or heaven. I think Miss Graham had very clear views of faith, and lived by it very much.

I am very glad that you are a teacher in the colored school. I like to think of you as sitting on one of those well-remembered seats, on Sunday, teaching the colored people. I think you must be much interested in the slave you wrote about.* You really are favored. She does not know how she has been wronged. You say she does not desire freedom. Poor thing! I really feel for her, and should love to be her Sunday-school teacher. Is it not pleasant to show her how the Son can make her free indeed? You mention her not accepting freedom, and being very happy in her bondage. Surely, you do not think it a proof, that those who have made her a slave have done right? Have they not to answer, for her not knowing and loving freedom, the gift her God bestowed on her? Ought she not to wish to serve him, as she thinks best? Ought she not to desire to

*The slave alluded to, was her friend's Sunday scholar. She has since obtained her freedom, by the decision of a judicial court, in Hartford, Connecticut.

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control her actions and thoughts? If she has more liberty than most slaves, will you not apply my questions to slaves in general? If she is not obliged to break some of the ten commandments, will you not recollect that most of them are? Edmund Burke said, "If you have made a happy slave, you have made a degraded man." Henry B. Stanton said, "The slaves are happy! Then they must be degraded indeed. Some moral sorcery, some deadly witchcraft must have been practised upon them, to repress every noble emotion, each upward aspiration of the human soul. If this be true, the system which has thus unmanned them, ought at once to be annihilated."

As ever your affectionate, H. ———.

November 16th, 1836.

You are truly kind in your expressions of sorrow for my state of debility; but I do not suffer much, indeed on some days I feel very well. But, my dear M., I know not why it is, I have an ardent affection for sickness. I think I have found such great benefit from it, that I look upon it as a friend. It is true, that pain, when it is present, is grievous; nevertheless, I hope it so often works "the peaceable fruits of righteousness," that I love to be "exercised thereby." My Heavenly Father has blessed me above all I have ever asked or thought, since I have lived in Philadelphia. I suppose it is rather dangerous to speak much of what the Holy Spirit hath wrought out in us, lest we should be filled with spiritual pride, and imagine *ourselves* to be something. The sin of self-complacency is one which I find easily besetting. It is enough to keep me always humble, that I am so inclined to it. But still, it may be well, at times, to declare the goodness of the Lord to our souls. I think it cheers me very much, to know that any of my christian friends are becoming more and more conformed to the image of the Son of God. This, I trust, is the case with you, my dear M.

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The path of the just is indeed growing brighter as it draws nearer to the world of light. If we walk on in that path, we shall not walk in darkness.

TO MISS W.

My Dear Friend,—In the full confidence that you, as a disciple of my heavenly master, will allow this freedom, I have a fervent desire to express to you a few ideas on the subject of "wearing of gold." I am aware that I am very bold in writing to a stranger. A stranger, did I say? Are we not sisters of the same heavenly family? Bound to love, advise and treat each other as such.

Perhaps you have never directed your attention, *in particular*, to the verses in the bible on this subject. One is in the 2d chapter of 1st Tim.; the other in 1st Pet. 3. 3. You will see at once that gold is particularly spoken of, and that christian females are told not to adorn themselves with it. If you do not think it *plainly* forbidden, as I think you must, yet if you think it *possibly* means that we ought not to wear it, would you not willingly give it up? Why should we wear it? Is it because it is the fashion? We know that our object and desire is to "be *not* conformed to this world." Why should we indulge any love of show, or in any way gratify it, when we find it so difficult to subdue our sinful propensities. I know that many are wholly unconscious that there is any evil in this thing. But if it does not injure our own hearts, it may lead others to suppose that we are as much conformed to the customs of the world as themselves. Of course, all "costly array" is just as plainly condemned. Then, you know, beside the example set before others, the money which is spent for these things may be expended in the cause of our Savior, in clothing and feeding his poor children, &c. But above all things, the command of our gracious master, who willingly laid aside all his glory, and

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denied himself every comfort for us, should be sufficient to influence us. Is it not an honor, my dear sister, to be one of his followers? We often feel, I presume, that we can never do too much for such a friend. I rejoice that I have the happiness of addressing one who, I trust, loves him as well as myself. May our holy ardor increase every day, and as He guides us through the thick darkness of our present state, may we be fitted to sing his praise together, in a land of cloudless skies and everlasting day. Yours in christian love.

H. C. Grew.

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MISCELLANIES

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

BY

HARRIET CATHARINE GREW.

"REJOICE EVERMORE."

One of the noblest champions of the holiest cause, spoke these words of cheer to his coadjutors, in a work, dangerous as it was beneficent. He knew that the heart of man, even if that heart had been illumined by rays from heaven, was wont to be enveloped by shades of dimness and clouds of thick gloom. Even those firm followers of the Savior, who gladly resigned all earthly glory and pleasure for his cause, were men of like passions with ourselves: and o'er the luster of their well-tried hearts sometimes darted a vapor of faithlessness, a slight mist of distrust. Doubt casts a dim veil over the affections, but with an ardent and holy love is connected that peace which the Savior left his followers, which says to them, "let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Sin is ever closely allied to sorrow, but with holiness is linked, inseparably, eternal joy. The closer our approximation to perfection, the greater amount of happiness shall be ours. A pure heart hath no spring of bitterness, and over it flows only the waves of delight. But it may be said that this life is not a state of purity or perfect bliss. This fact every sojourner in earth's vale can fully believe. But it is a truth of equal certainty that man's happiness depends greatly upon himself. If, instead of recounting the woes of life in our retrospects, we remembered particularly our joys; and, in looking forward, permitted imagination to sport only in the sunshine of existence, while reason held her rightful scepter

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over its recreations, should we not more constantly obey the injunction, "Rejoice evermore?"

In considering the subject, we will enumerate some of the reasons why christians should always rejoice.

To you, my christian friends, I appeal. Are not the causes for rejoicing innumerable? But, impossible as it is to recount them, let us call to remembrance some of them.

First, christians should rejoice because God is their Father. No circumstance can deprive them of this inestimable joy. It is ever a refuge from sorrow, a kind balm for all the ills of life. When earth's pleasures lose their attractions, or the holy tide of friendship flows faintly on, refusing to delight and vivify them with its waves, they can obtain assistance and sympathy from their *Father*. *His* ear is never closed. *His* heart is ever ready to love and bless us. Happiness hath its fount in heaven, and by obtaining access to that blessed place, we may gain that cup of joy which men in all ages thirst for. Prayer is the path that leads to this home of happiness. How fraught with joy is the hour of holy intercourse with the heavenly! How it transforms the human soul into their own pure image. It is at such times, that man seems to regain a portion, at least, of that glorious image in which he was created. His ideas become refined, and his soul divested of the usual sensations that chain it to baser things. Devotion's gentle breath effaces each inscription which intercourse with things of earth has graven on the heart, and, with her own soft pencil, traces in heavenly characters the purest, holiest and sublimest sentiments: and there is in the christian's heart a feeling of filial love, united with his exalted conceptions, which fills him with joy unutterable and full of glory. He hears a still small voice inviting him to lay his weary head on the paternal bosom; to commit all his griefs to a Father's ear, and to rely on a Father's arm alone for protection and aid. How pure is the holy wave of rapture that gushes o'er his heart while looking upward to his Father's face, and seeing the smile of tender affection beaming upon him from a

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region of perennial loveliness! And when he has sinned and feels in his heart an aching void the world can never fill, his Father pities him, and is ready even to forgive his wanderings and to receive the prodigal to his arms of mercy. Neither poverty nor riches are able to separate him from his love. Ye who have felt this glow of filial affection, know the joy, full of glory, which there is in the assurance of our Father's love. Would you exchange it for earth's richest gift? Then why will you stifle the rapturous beatings of ecstacy, and mourn over the ills of life, like those without a Father, almighty, tender and gracious. When we speak of God as a Father, we should consider him possessed of the paternal emotions, yet perfect in holiness and justice. Like the tender parent, he counsels, leads, instructs and nourishes his children. Morning, evening, and at every hour his ear is open to their cry. He calls them often to come unto him, and teaches them his will. As the righteous parent, he has given them a revelation of their duty, and, like the tender and consoling father, is interested in their improvement and happiness.

Second, the thoughts of a Savior's death should bring to our heart the holiest emotions of joy. It is true that no tender heart can view the lovely Redeemer's sufferings without feelings of sorrow. But when we remember that the death of Christ purchased for us all our happiness, and implanted in our hearts all our holy hopes and anticipations of a better land, who can refrain from rejoicing with ecstacy and rapture? There is a sad pleasure in reviewing the life of the Savior; in walking with him over Judea's vales and mountains; in watching the integrity and zeal of his disciples, and the bitter rebukings of his enemies. There is a holy and melancholy joy in meditating upon his midnight prayers and his garden agony; in following him to Calvary, and there beholding that love which was stronger than death. To me there is an unspeakable joy in thus recounting the sorrows which Jesus bore for us, and the chastisement

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laid upon him for our iniquities; because it shews the unexampled love of the loveliest being that ever trod our earth.

Third, the influences of the Holy Spirit are adapted to make us rejoice. When Jesus was about to leave his followers and to ascend to his Father, he told them, as they sorrowed over his farewell words, that he would send them another Comforter, the Holy Spirit, to guide them into truth, solace them in their loneliness and cheer their hearts in time of affliction. Those who have felt the sweet influences of this Comforter can testify to the joy it imparts. It brings to us the peace of those pure spirits that bow before the throne of Jehovah. It fills the soul with the ecstacy of heaven. It is indeed a *Comforter*, speaking in seasons of darkness, leading us onward from scenes of gloom to the resplendent, perfect luster of the love of God. The spirit witnesses with our spirit that we are the children of God. It brings on its soft wings assurances of the forgiveness and guidance of our Father. It makes our hearts its throne, and prepares them to be fit temples for its holy residence. It is a purifying spirit; enabling us to conquer evil propensities; to obtain victory over sin, transforming us more and more unto the image of the heavenly.

Fourth, "The Lord God ommnipotent reigneth." This truth is calculated to inspire the christian's heart with the most joyful emotions. It is the christian alone that can appreciate this glorious truth and rejoice in the contemplation of it, for none others understand the character of their sovereign. Though he reigns over all, he is regarded very differently by his chosen ones, and those who exercise no emotions of love toward him. The character of God is suited to inspire confidence and love as well as reverence and awe; and, when we reflect upon his infinite knowledge, wisdom and power, united with his paternal love and tenderness, we can but rejoice that he is the Ruler over all things; that by his mighty hand our destinies are swayed, and each circumstance ordered by his command. The earth is the Lord's. His holy arm directs its motions and his eye

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surveys all its inhabitants. The humblest, the poorest of his creatures, share in his almighty protection and regard. Is it not a soul-rejoicing theme? The christian rejoices that his times are in the Lord's hand, and that he will overrule all his concerns. He rejoices also that he will judge the world, and receive his followers into eternal life, and punish the despisers of his mercy with everlasting death. This forbids not a feeling of pity and love for those who refuse to repent while in this world, for it is now an accepted time, a day of probation. But when life is over, and all are summoned before the Almighty, they will rejoice that those who have not submitted to the requisitions of the Gospel, are to meet the punishment due to their crimes; forgetting not to tune their harps to a holier strain as they sing "not unto us, not unto us, Oh Lord, but unto thy name be the glory." "Now unto him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be honor and glory, dominion and power."

The last reason which I shall mention why christians should rejoice, is the prospect of heaven. Heaven is a place of perfect happiness; but the happiness of its holy inhabitants consists not in inactive enjoyment. The mind of man is an active principle, and its transition from this state of being to a holier one, will not change its essential properties. It will be glorified and made perfectly holy, like unto his glorious image who presides over that region of purity. There will probably be degrees of enjoyment in heaven. Those minds which are most expanded and elevated on earth, will doubtless enjoy most in heaven, if they have attained to the same amount of *piety* as others. The soul that has *here* been most conformed to God, will probably be most like him in heaven. The employment of this blest abode, is a holy, delightful, and rational employment. It is suited to our natures. Then shall we know even as we are known. We shall see, perhaps, every link of the blessed chain of the divine government, and understand those doctrines which now are veiled in mystery. Our songs of praise will

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rise to the throne of the Holy One, as we view the way in which we have been led; and as we recount the wanderings of our feet, "heaven's pure dome shall echo the holy strains of "eternal glory to the King, who brought us safely through" to this home of unsullied beauty and eternal peace.

We shall serve God in heaven. His glory will there be our object of existence, and, to honor his name, our chief delight. We know not the exact nature of the service in which we shall be engaged. We may be ministering spirits to kindred souls in some of our Father's domains. We may fly from star to star on errands of love and mercy, and wing our way through the immensity of space, with joyful alacrity, in the employment of a Father so benevolent, and of a God so just. Our communion with God is here very liable to interruption, and we see him but in part. There we shall see him as he is, and our fellowship shall be perfect and abiding. The friendships which we here form are often sources of pain. Our loved ones are imperfect, and we see many things to retard our affection. We are indeed worthy of very little esteem, because of the sin which remaineth in us. But in heaven, nothing shall enter that defileth. All will be lovely and loving one another. Having the image of God, we shall have the love of his children, and share in his honor. We shall be united with all the pure beings which dwell in his presence, by the holy bonds of brotherhood. Then we shall all be one fold, and shall have one shepherd. Our hearts will be drawn forth simultaneously in holy adoration, and our lips move in harmonious love and praise. Heaven is one eternal Sabbath. No worldly cares will dissipate its hallowed influences. No sinful allurements draw us from devout contemplations. Our hearts will not wander from God, for we shall be removed from those things which had any power to draw our affections from him. Sin, our supreme foe, will be slain. Our shouts of "conquerors through him that loved us," shall float upon the wings of the wind to his throne. Never again shall the sigh of penitence, or the bitter pang of

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remorse, be heard or felt. We shall be washed in Calvary's fountain; and, cleansed from all our impurities in its holy waves, shall ascend to our Father's home of holiness, to enjoy perpetually the smilings of his face, and to exist forever in fulfilling his requirements. "In thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures forevermore." Surely, the prospect of such a home, and the assurance of such blessedness, whisper, amid all seasons, "REJOICE EVERMORE."

RELIGION A SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

The kind Father of our spirits, in placing us in a world which we so often call a vale of tears, a stormy sea, or a thorny wilderness, has supplied us with many blessings; which are like smiles of joy, or sunny skies, or flowery pathways. But allowing that life is the scene of sorrow and gloom that it is so often declared to be, I would ask if we ought not to place a higher estimate upon those things which are infinitely superior to the trials incident to man? God has given him a blessed angel to soothe him in sorrow; to guide and to bless him in every situation. That heavenly spirit is RELIGION. She is, when a chosen, a constant friend, ever near and ready to assist. She cheers him in solitude and shields him in danger. It is religion that points us to the star that gilds the summit of Calvary, and that teaches us to triumph in its beams. She opens many a sunny way of peace and joy. She leads the wanderer from God, home to his Father's house, and prepares for him a feast of love and a day of rejoicing. And though he strays again into the ways of darkness, she finds him in his wanderings, nor leaves him till his feet are turned into the paths of peace. Her influence is exerted in the refinement of his mind, as well as the renovation of his heart. Her gentle words are the means of raising his thoughts from worldly subjects, and expanding his soul with contempla-

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tions of a refined and holy character. She often leads him forth to view the works of his Father, and directs his eye and thoughts to the never-ending mementos of his love. His wisdom and power she demonstrates to his thirsting soul, in revolving worlds and systems. From these she points him to the world of ceaseless radiance, where, for all that love him, God has prepared a mansion.

In the still small voice of nature, he hears things that exalt his soul; and, in the landscape, religion's soft pencil creates new beauties. To the tired one of earth, she is a friend indeed; for it is her finger alone that points to the "home of the weary." The troubled spirit finds, in her kind voice, an antidote for his cares, and the light she sheds upon the path of the disappointed, shows him that there are fairer scenes than those he has lost. But above all, she opens upon the view of the christian, the "land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign." There she leads him beside the fountains of clear water, and through the vales of fresh beauty. He sees the glory and joy of those who have already entered into their rest. With them he wanders, by faith, over the green fields, and joins in their united song of glory and honor to the Lord. Their anthem sounds along the vales of heaven, and fills his soul with longings, high and holy, after purity so sweet and happiness so unalloyed. And when he awakes from this dream of ecstacy, and looks upon his perishable tenement, and feels that still he is in a state of sin and grief,—yet religion's notes of love fall on his ear in tones as sweet as an angel's lyre: "Let not your heart be troubled." "In my Father's house are many mansions." "Where I am there shall ye be also." The fainting sunbeam falls not more softly beautiful upon the floating cloud, than does religion's hallowed influences on the heart of man. Even in a vale of tears, she lights his face with smiles; and in toils and grief, imparts, for every sorrow, a healing balm, and for each fear, a kind relief. When he bids farewell to earth, she opens

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a pathway to the home of ever-during peace, and introduces him into the regions of perennial joy.

"———— Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace! how calm his exit!
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary, worn out winds expire so soft."

DISCIPLINE OF THE MIND.

Few persons possessing strength of mind, or much expansion of intellect, are insensible of their own liability to depart from the narrow path of rectitude. Such minds are conscious that they oft times pass its bounds, and exchange the blessed light that gleams upon it, for the midnight gloom of error's trodden wilderness. And it is equally true that a mind of this sort is acquainted with the character of its failures, and manner of its peregrinations.

It is necessary, in proving ourselves truly wise, and possessors of well regulated minds—first, to show that we are conversant with our characters; that we know the peculiar propensities of our hearts, and that we have a thorough acquaintance with our besetting sins. This is an arduous work, but it is not, like many of the pursuits of youth, profitless and vain. The recompense will be glorious as the task is difficult. It requires unceasing watchfulness over the emotions of our hearts, and a close attention to the circumstances in which we are placed by every returning sun. Those trifling events which excite any unkind or reproving expressions, must be carefully noticed; and after the excitement of the moment has vanished, each thought and word should be considered; and though we may be convinced that others are far more blameworthy than ourselves, if we find any of our words or actions to be contrary to the principles of the Savior, we should conquer pride's unholy suggestion, and humbly confess to ourselves, to the injured one, and our Father above, that unto us belongeth shame for our for-

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getfulness of the mild injunction of his word. The fact that others have erred in the same instance, and perhaps more than ourselves, does not diminish our obligation to obey the blessed command, "confess *your* faults." If we thus candidly and rationally scrutinize each circumstance, we shall often find that, where we considered ourselves to be guilty of no sinful emotion, we disobeyed some strict and pure precept of our Father. In this way we shall acquire acquaintance with our hearts. That class of actions which we esteem virtuous, demands the same close inspection. After the performance of those good deeds, let us examine the state of mind which led to their accomplishment. If it was pure, then let us look to the feelings that succeeded the action. If they were free from pride's most polluting stain, in the meekness of the most unworthy, let us raise our note of praise to Him that inciteth us to every holy action. But if we discover (as often we shall) that unhallowed were the motives that promoted the action or its successive thoughts, let us, after confession, place it in our list of frailties.

At the close of each day, when we are free from the fervor of excited passions, an hour should be chosen in which we can examine its thoughts and feelings.

The second qualification necessary to a well regulated mind, is a constant struggle to conquer those faults, which, by our patient searchings, we have discovered. A desire to find the narrow path, and a perpetual endeavor to extricate ourselves from the benighted wilderness. When we see that we have lost the glorious beamings that gild only the path of holiness, then it is that our feet should be turned into that way. This, like the other, is no easy task. Many are the foes within, which, if we are faithful, we shall find to conquer. Only by perseverance and bold warfare, can we come off victorious. The principal means to be used in this work, are watchfulness over our hearts, great mental energy, resolution and prayer. When we have learned wherein we are most prone to err, we should place an extra guard over the weaker spot. If a moment

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of temptation is at hand, let us look within and see if every holy principle is active, that energy is not dormant, or the milder graces sleeping. Resolution, strong and vigorous, is indispensably necessary in this system of self-government. Nothing like a victory can be acquired, without a steady and firm decision to fight until it is obtained. It must extend to the most trifling faults, and be near us in every exigency.

Resolutions to increase in virtue, and to gain new conquests over natural propensities, should be our earliest morning reflections, and our guide through the day into the path of rectitude.

The last and most essential thing which we mention, that frail man can do to transform himself into the image of the heavenly, is to hold communion with the Father of his spirit. Without the influences of that holy and sublime fellowship with his God, he never will become purified for the assembly of just and perfect ones above. By daily prayer, only, can we obtain the grace and aid which we need in our warfare. Let the care-worn veteran speak, and he will tell us how often he was wearied and discouraged in the same work, and how he lifted his eyes to the hills whence cometh his help, and received wisdom and guidance, strength and discretion. He will tell us of the refreshing draughts from salvation's well, and the life divine imparted by them. That fountain is still open, and the same kind voice calls, in the same tender accents, "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." Thus have I shown two characteristics of a well governed mind, and the means of acquiring them. Without these our minds are contracted and debased; weak and foolish; and though we may speak with the tongues of men and of angels, we are "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

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MUTUAL INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANS.

The christian's growth in holiness is sometimes accelerated, or retarded, by circumstances over which he has little, perhaps no control. Every sincere lover of holiness is not satisfied with that degree which he has attained. He longs to be more like his Savior in all things. He mourns in his closet over his frequent departures from the steps of his "Forerunner." He dreads the temptations to sin, which he knows he will meet, when, leaving that retirement, he mingles with society. He remembers many objects which are likely to come between his now purified eye, and the things which are eternal: many earthly sounds which will almost prevent his hearing the "still small voice" of God.

Who has not felt these difficulties? Who does not desire their removal? Would they not be greatly diminished, if in every christian we could find a spiritual helper? If christians possessed that watchful love for each other, which the apostle Paul did for his brethren, how much easier would it be to resist temptation. The Savior enjoins this love upon us. Even as He loved us, so ought we to love one another. Behold the manner of his love, in all his unceasing efforts, and painful death, for the welfare of the soul; for the destruction of its sin and its life of holiness. Holy love to each other will make us desirous of promoting holiness; of assisting one another in conquering sin and in acquiring right dispositions. It will make us watchful that we lay no stumbling block in our brother's way. We shall make that way as smooth as possible, going before him, where we can, and removing every thing over which he might fall. To do this we must be watchful over ourselves as well as those whom we desire to aid. We must be willing to deny ourselves to assist them; like the holy apostle, determined to eat no meat while the world standeth, if by it we make our brother to offend. We cannot sincerely en-

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deavor to make others holy without growing in holiness ourselves. For we shall always find that a holy example is the safest and surest way of making others holy. Thus, as we bear each other's burdens, we shall find our own one-half diminished. We shall know something of the Savior's joy, for which he was willing to endure the cross, and of that of the devoted Paul, which comforted him in all his tribulation.

This duty of aiding each other in our christian course, is no trifling one. God requires it of us. "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." "Let every one of us please his neighbor for his good to edification." "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good for the use of edifying." "Comfort yourselves together and edify one another." The infinite value of holiness proves it to be our imperative duty. How great is the guilt of increasing the dominion of sin! This we shall be guilty of, if we make no efforts to diminish it. Therefore, let us watch over each other, that we hinder not the complete salvation of any soul. If we observe the circumstances and feelings of our christian friends, we shall know better how to comfort and edify them. Let us particularly beware of tempting them to sin. The christian finds many difficulties in the way of holiness; let him find help from his pious friends. Let such an one never come from his devotional retirement into our presence, feeling that he is entering the way of temptation, fearing that some word or action of ours will lead him to forget his holy resolutions and desires. At such a season let us guard ourselves, lest we sully a heart just purified by the influence of heaven, or excite tumultuous waves in a sea now calmed by the breath of God.

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THE CHRISTIAN.

To be a christian is to be a child of God; to love that infinitely wise and good Being better than all the universe beside; to feel that He alone can satisfy our longing desires, and awaken emotions of joy in our desponding hearts; to pant after conformity to his image, and to long, with our soul's deep earnestness, to be partakers of his holiness; to think of his honor and glory more than of our happiness or the enjoyment of any human being; to see, in all our wanderings from him, the exceeding vileness of our hearts; and in his acts of forgiveness, the illimitable love and condescension of his nature, and to rejoice that he reigns over all things in heaven and in earth.

To be a christian is to love the image of our Father wherever we see it, and to love it most ardently where it is most distinct; to wish to see all who love our Lord, increasing in that love; to promote, by our example and prayers, the spirit of piety in others; to long for the salvation of the impenitent and to strive to win them to the ways of peace.

To be a christian is to abhor ourselves; to see the baseness of our sin, and to feel that there is no health in us; to mourn and weep over the hardness of our hearts, and to lie in the dust and cry "unclean, unclean:" to look with faith's firm eye on the cross, and to see that there was borne the punishment of our sins, and that through him, who endured the chastisement, we may be healed: to rejoice with joy unspeakable in the Father's plan of redemption, and the undying love of his Son; to cast our burden at the foot of the cross, and fix our hope on the glory prepared for the Savior's followers. It is to walk on in our Redeemer's strength, triumphing over the world, the flesh and the devil. It is to see, in all things, the hand of everlasting mercy leading us to his own bright mansions of sinless joy. It is to cast about us the mantle of humility, meekness and love, and, leaning on the mighty one, to pursue, with unde-

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viating steps, the way to heaven. This is to be a christian. It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we shall know hereafter. When we have entered the presence of the Holy One, we shall see him as he is and be like him.

CHARITY SEEKETH NOT HER OWN.

The lovely land of Judea once witnessed the holiest exemplification of this peculiarly christian assertion. Never, since, has its hallowed truth been so clearly and practically demonstrated. Every action of our Savior's life is a beautiful illustration of the words of the apostle, "charity seeketh not her own," and did we remember that expression of caution, so full of mildness and of meaning, "the servant is not greater than his lord," how should we yield up our hearts to follow his blessed example of humility.

Charity "seeketh not her own." She is occupied in providing for the wants of others; her eyes rest not upon her own things, but upon the things of others. Such is her nature that her pleasure consists in doing good to all but herself. In consequence of this, (which is perhaps the real meaning of the words,) charity does not anxiously expect, or desire, to have what *is* really her own; that which justly belongs to her. "If any man," says our Savior, "sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." We perceive at once the spirit of this instruction, and understand the object which the teacher had in view. It was to inculcate in those who heard him, the feelings of charity; to teach them, in imitation of their lovely master, to resign their rights, even to their enemies, and not to seek their *own*. This spirit of meekness is one of the principal things which distinguishes the religion of Christ from every other. This is sufficient to distinguish his followers from his enemies in every age of the world. So firmly does the human mind desire to maintain its rights, and secure justice for

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itself, that it will too often err on the other side, and return injury for injustice. Fix now your eye on the christian; he is not only anxious to "render unto all their dues," but is willing and ready to bear all things. He that looks to the Savior for an example, will not expect (I think I may say, wish) to receive his own. It is unnecessary to refer to particular instances of the exercise of this feeling in the Redeemer's life. Those who have studied his character must feel that the whole course of his conduct seems to be founded on this holy truth. None but a humble follower of Christ will exercise such emotions as these, for they are directly opposed to the heart's loved and long nurtured feelings.

This principle of the gospel is one of its sublimest traits. The heart that cherishes it has truly a noble and a holy guest. More honorable is such a dwelling place than the abodes of royalty. The majesty that hovers over it was never felt in palaces, and an emperor's throne never so exalted its possessor. Those, and those only, who have nourished this heavenly visitant, till it dwells like a dove in its well known mansion, can feel its peace-giving and its soul-exalting power. Such alone can truly love and admire his holy example, who, though oppressed and afflicted, opened not his mouth; though brought as a lamb to the slaughter, answered not a word.

SATURDAY EVENING.

This blessed season is like a mountain, upon which the care-worn traveller stops, to cast a glance upon his trodden pathway. He views the hills of ecstacy, whose summits he gained, and remembers the glorious scenes that met his vision. There he lingered, catching ravishing sounds of distant harmony, and inhaling odours from the tree of purity. Heaven's sanctifying charm was o'er him, and he forgot, in the thrilling transport, the weary way his feet were doomed to traverse.

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But in this retrospect, he sees, too, the vales of sin and sorrow, through which he has passed. Nor are the many departings from the way of rectitude forgotten. Each erring step is noticed, and over each ill fated spot of wandering, is wafted, on the breeze of prayer, the sigh of penitence and love. Each day of sunshine and of clouds is reviewed, its sins recounted and its blessings thankfully remembered.

The traveller joyfully consigns himself into the hands of that guardian who has watched and protected him through a portion of his toilsome pilgrimage; for he knows that whether his path lies amid hills or vales, His hand alone can guide him to the mount of his own habitation. Casting onward a look upon the home of rest to which he is journeying, the confiding sojourner proceeds on his way, being more watchful over every step, and guarding his heart from the allurements of each inviting and erring avenue. Thus, after many a weary week, and many a Saturday evening's retrospect, he arrives at his longed for home, and is welcomed by his Father and the innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly of the chosen, to the calm holy sabbath of eternity.

APOSTROPHE.

Stay, fleeting cloud, and waft my tired spirit to some beauteous sphere, where purity and joy reign undisturbed: where the resplendent rays of an ever-glowing sun are never intercepted by a cloud; where gentle drops of peace fall soft as Hermon's dew, on the world-wearied reposer, and where mild zephyrs laden with Eden's fragrance, fan the brows of its tired ones. Convey me to some gushing fount of joy that flows eternally the same, to flowers that ever bloom, to fruits that never die; where no thorn-clad path is trod, where nought but the high bliss and the sublime employ of spirits pure, and intellects refined, are known. Oh! earth, thou hast lost thy innocence, thou hast debased thyself. Where is there, beneath the blue

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expanse of firmament, that purity of thought, those lofty heavings and those unsullied aspirations after holiness, that nature's God has, in the infinitude of creation, endeavored to inspire? Nature, thou insulted fair one, many will refuse to pay their homage at thy shrine, but we'll confess thy sway, and ever love to linger on thy blessed scenes. Thy mountain tops shall point us to the luster of a land unseen, and at thy nightly lamps, we'll light our altar fires.

EVENING.

'Tis a holy hour. Bright clouds have cast their glory for a while on earth, but they have vanished like the gentle dew before the rising sun. And yet their loveliness was like the things above, too pure, too soft, too beautiful to fade. They have seemed sometimes to float around our earth in all their loveliness, until they came so near us, as to feel the withering touch which sin has brought; and, fading by degrees, at last they sink to be among our streams of joy that lie far back in time's unending past.

A BIRTH DAY.

Another birth day's sun has risen. Its mild rays fall upon me gently; and now I remember how the beamings of the last, shone out upon a spot, a happy spot. That was my first home. Now, oh! blessed light, thy radiance illumines a different one. Ah! home! precious, precious word. Peace, joy, and rapture are centered in it; calm, sunny joy. But it is even so. I have said farewell to H—— and its pleasures, and now I adjure them not to tempt my repinings, or rise in such attractive hues to lure my warm affections; for time vociferates they are all gone—gone—gone. Look not upon the flowers as they blossom

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around you, and enchant with their fragrance and beauty, for at last they fade like the sunbeam, and die like the luster thereof. I will remember thee, oh! time, with all thy desolating energies, and ere another birth-day dawns, haply have learned to fix no trusting thought on aught thou callest thine. I will remember thee, oh! earth, with all thy changes, and haply learn to entwine no firm affections round thy deceiving charms.

But the year has had its pleasures, pure and lasting, refined and holy, sublime and high. There have fallen some blessed drops of ecstacy, watering life's pathway. They fell from heaven, partaking of its purity and bliss. For them we will raise our grateful voice to the kind giver of each mercy, and our orison shall ascend, that the same hand may guide us through the thorns and thick darkness of our future life.

A THOUGHT ON THE MIND.

The mind is the noblest, loveliest thing in God's universe; and when removed to a brighter sphere, where more of the cheering rays of the sun of glory shall fall upon it, shall exceed in brightness, in splendor and magnificence, all temples, kingdoms, worlds. If the spirit is to live forever, and exist when nation after nation has passed away, and citadels of fame lie down in everlasting night; why shall it not be considered of more importance than the perishable objects of earth? Eternity stretches out before it; on and on, till the mind is lost in the boundless sea of the everlasting future. Point to any thing which is forever to live, and upon that fix your thoughts, affections, and plans. Earth warns you not to delude yourself with the hope that her offered pleasures will never forsake. Heaven reaches out her ever-brightening crown, to tempt your warm affections. Nought shall wither your hopes, if placed above. No chilling blasts shall sweep along the plains of purity, and deprive you of your long cherished joys. Perennial spring

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blooms where you shall dwell. A throne is there, but that throne shall never fall. Firm as Jehovah's word it stands, nor can the powers of darkness joined, shake its foundation stone. Who would not dwell where changing scenes disturb not the soft repose of the tired spirit, and not a breeze ruffles the calm sea of bliss? Where the midnight darkness of the soul is succeeded by "sacred, high, eternal noon."

AN ADIEU TO THE CONSTELLATION ORION.

Farewell Orion. The flowers of spring may shed their fragrance forth; a summer's sun may animate my heart, and autumn's mellow fruit delight my taste; but thy bright beams will have departed from my sight, and the bands of thy splendor have sunk behind the green hills of the west. Thou wilt, while absent from me, shine as brightly in the sky of blue, as thou was wont to do, when joyous ones together walked to view thy shining group. Some eye will gaze upon thy beauty, some heart will beat with emotion, when thy dear cherished orbs shall meet their view; but many months shall pass before I welcome thee to thy wintry habitation. When that hour arrives, the past delights of school will be brought home to my heart, and the loved ones that have gone, will stand before my mind, with all the vividness of life and beauty. Will such an hour return? Ah! eternity may be my home, infinitude my dwelling place, when thou lookest forth from thy place in the sky, upon the spot where I have loved to gaze upon thee. Farewell, then, brighest of all thy sisters of the sky; and if no more my eye may gaze with rapture upon thy resplendent face, may another raise her happy glance to view those gems that cause this heart to beat with ecstasy of joy, and bitterness of grief.

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THE RIVER EUPHRATES.

In casting our eye over the globe, there is no spot upon which it rests, so sacred to the christian's contemplation, as that which was the scene of many of the interesting transactions recorded in our scriptures. Among those delightful portions of the world, to which our minds can never revert without strong emotion, is the valley of the Euphrates.

The first knowledge we have of this river, is at the time that it pursued its silent course through the pleasant groves of Eden. On that glorious morning, when all the stars sang together, and the heavenly host shouted for joy, the verdant garden of the Lord, smiling in all its beauty, was refreshed and watered by this noble stream. Here was a spot which called forth the admiration of angels. A home of perfect bliss for man, made in the perfect image of his God. This enchanting place, chosen by the Creator for our parents, was situated at the conjunction of the Euphrates and Tigris, the most fertile spot of Eden. In this garden were trees of every description which were pleasant to the eye or taste of man. The morning sun rose in splendor on this sinless pair, and found them early employed in their appointed avocations. Day after day they watered and dressed the fruits and flowers of paradise, and saw them thrive beneath their cultivating care. Here, beside this cooling stream, were shady retreats from the rays of the sun and evening dews. Nothing was here found which could destroy their happiness. All their time was spent in the most delightful occupations. When night cast her mantle o'er them, as they sat together recounting their pleasures, gazing at the worlds of light above them, and listening to the warbling of birds, they little thought that this unutterable felicity would ever terminate. But, alas! this home of bliss was not long to be theirs. These delights were soon to be relinquished. The flowers which they had cherished were no more to bless their

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fostering hand. They had disobeyed the command of their maker, and in the cool of the evening, at the hour of twilight, that holy season spent so sweetly by them in the admiration of the works of God, He, whom they had refused to obey, came down from his sublime abode to seek his erring ones. But they, conscious of their guilt, had fled to the most secret part of the garden, and the voice of the Lord was heard, "Adam, where art thou?" The voice of the Lord is powerful, and they were forced to appear before their God, and suffer the penalty of their sin. They lost their paradise, and with it, all that was beautiful, holy, refined and happy. The effects of their transgression have been, and ever will be, felt until the latest posterity. Man never can partake the unalloyed bliss of his progenitors. His mind is darkened and depraved, and never, until the light of heaven breaks upon it, will it be perfectly illumined.

In tracing the history of this far-famed river, we find that the second interesting fact is its relation to the empire of Babylon. This spacious city was situated on its banks, and surpassed all others in size and magnificence. The parts of it which rendered it an object of admiration to the world, were the walls, the quays and bridge; the lakes, banks and canals; the palaces, hanging gardens, and the temple of Belus. The walls of the city were three hundred and fifty feet in height, eighty-seven in thickness, and sixty miles in circumference. These walls enclosed an exact square; being fifteen miles in length on each side, and made of large bricks cemented by a substance found in the earth of the country. On each side of the city were twenty-five gates of brass, from which proceeded an equal number of streets, in a straight line, to the opposite gate. The bridge, which was also famous for its beauty, was forty rods in length, and thirty feet in breadth. This bridge was constructed with amazing skill. The arches were formed of large stones fastened by chains of iron. Among the more useful, though less magnificent works of Babylon, we notice the canals, lakes and ditches

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for draining the river. At the commencement of the summer, the snow, which had collected on the mountains, melted, and flowing into the Euphrates, caused it to overflow its banks. To prevent any injurious effects to the city, artificial canals were made, which forced the water into another direction. The temple of Belus was another of the famous works of this beautiful city. This was half a mile in circumference at the base, and a furlong in height. It was in the shape of a pyramid, being formed of eight towers rising one above another. A flight of stairs on the outside, afforded an easy ascent to the summit, on which an observatory was built, which was used by astronomers. The primal design of this temple was the worship of the god Belus. Here young and old presented themselves to pay their homage.

"But how hath the golden city ceased!" "How hath Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldee's excellency," been laid low, even like unto Sodom and Gomorrah. No more it lifts its magnificent head above all other cities; but, buried in the silence of oblivion, its temples are forgotten, its glory departed. Its inhabitants are now the wild beasts of the wilderness, and over it has passed the besom of destruction.

After the ruin of Babylon, the nations on the borders of the Euphrates engaged in war with the Turks, and to defeat them, the Turks endeavored to dam up the waters of the river, which caused such an overflow as utterly to desolate the countries upon its banks. All their beauty, like Babylon's, is forever extinguished. The sea-bird occupies the former home of man. No human voice is heard in that lonely region, but on the wings of the wind float the loud shriek of the owl or the satyr. But though the kingdoms of earth are destroyed, though cities of beauty and temples of splendor are lost in the dark wave of forgetfulness; yet thou, oh! Euphrates, dost roll unceasingly and silently along thy deep and hollow bed. Long are the ages that have drifted by, since thou flowed so beautifully through

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the redolent bowers of Eden. Since then, thou hast witnessed many revolutions. The habitation of joy and peace is become a wilderness. Where roses bloomed, the foot of the ferocious lion now walks in stately pride. "But thou remainest." Time leaves no impress of his leaden hand on thy majestic brow. Such are the works of God, permanent, abiding. But we have seen the noble compages of art fall to rise no more. As we view the durability of the works of God, and reflect that in them we behold, though dimly, their Author, how are we impressed with the sublime truth, "from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God."

THE SOCIAL VIRTUES SUPERIOR TO THE HEROIC.

"It is not painful, Petus," was the exclamation of the dying Arria, to her trembling lord. And why have these proud words immortalized her name? Why are her praises wafted on the breeze of poesy? Is it because, in all the firmness and affection of her heart, she thrust the keen blade deep into her own breast, to teach the Roman warrior *how to die?* What then should be the eulogy of the mothers of the holy Doddridge and Newton, who guided the feet of their infant sons into virtue's path; who devoted their time, and tasked all the energies of their souls, to teach them *how to live?* The first mentioned character furnishes an instance of the heroic virtues. In the others we see the social, the superiority of which is the subject of the present dissertation. And first, the social surpass the heroic virtues in utility. Charity, thou art the first among the fair band. Thy gentle influence has fallen upon the world like the soft dew of Hermon upon the tender herb. Thou hast suffered long, and art kind. Thou hast extended thy well filled hand to the needy and suffering. Many have blessed thee for thy rich gifts bestowed in an hour of darkness. I ask if a brighter ray ever shone upon our earth, than that which emanated from charity? Behold its

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beneficial effects in the smiling cottage and well spread table, in the village school and spire, and in the asylums for the afflicted, which beautify and adorn our happy land. In the domestic circle, where few heroic virtues are called into exercise, how necessary is charity, with its attendant train. It promotes the happiness of each inmate of the dwelling, and enables them patiently to endure the thousand little ills of life.

Each day gives us opportunity to exercise the social virtues, while the hero waits some future period, when he hopes to perform a noble deed which shall bless his country. These virtues are necessary for a mother to possess. Unless they are hers, she cannot promote the welfare of her family. An ardent love for home should dwell in her heart. Home is the scene of her most important duties. It is her field for usefulness. Among the many sources of pleasure, and opportunities of doing good, let her remember that, whatever she may do, nothing should lead her to forget her family. She is the light of the circle. Upon her depends the comfort of each beloved member of the household band. When sorrow casts her dark cloud over them, she it is who should enliven the sad day, and dissipate the gloom. Cannot we here see the utility of a taste for domestic pleasures? If in the parent we found a thirst for the name of hero, what could we expect would be the state of his family? Though perhaps not immersed in ignorance, yet they would shew that a father's watchful eye had not observed their faults, or his unwearied exertions corrected them. The pastor, too, should possess the social virtues. The shepherd must exercise a watchful care over the lambs of his flock. To gain the love and confidence of his people, he should often visit and converse with them, and unless he is amiable in disposition, and fond of the domestic relations, he will not be beloved by them.

Beside the utility of this class of virtues, the happiness they afford exceeds that which the heroic can impart. The last mentioned class are either attended by danger or sacrifice. In

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self-denial there is a momentary pain. But the happiness connected with the social virtues is not necessarily accompanied by suffering. The soothing influence of the domestic pleasures gives us that peace which the hero never knew. There is a joy which passeth understanding in the communion of kindred souls. The happiness which those virtues afford is more lasting than the lofty, but excited, joy of the other. Its influence is felt long after the cause is forgotten. Those things which give us pleasure are constantly with us; we need not be continually looking forward to the future for happiness.

Not only on earth can we feel the delight of social pleasures, but even in that bright abode, where seraphs worship before the throne of God, can the immortal spirit live beneath their influence. The happiness of heaven is of a social nature. Its pure inhabitants delight to hold converse with each other, and in one united, harmonious song, pour forth their sublime adorations to the Author of their bliss. Each member of the holy throng is the promoter of the joy of the whole. God, the Father of all, dwells in the midst, and around him are gathered the children of his love. The social virtues are exercised by each dweller in the holy abode. One spirit of perfect love animates each breast. May we all, now so pleasantly united in the employments and pursuits of youth, and enjoying the rich blessings of heaven, be still more closely and forever united in the pure land of song beyond the skies.

ASSOCIATIONS AND FEELINGS OF OLD AGE.

Every season of life is attended by its own peculiar and various associations. Objects which, at one period, enkindle the soul to rapture, at another, fail to excite any emotion. That which affords joy to the youthful heart, is a source of grief to one who looks back upon life as a vapor, that is about to vanish away. The elastic spirits of the one, like the merry carol of

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the morning songsters of the grove, anticipate many such days of pleasure, while the other stands, like the decayed tree, ready to fall at the stroke of the feller. But one who has never felt that his days are almost numbered, cannot clearly conceive the feelings of such.

When the silver cord is about to be loosed, and the golden bowl to be broken; when those material organs through which we gaze upon the bright flashings of intellect, and the mild radiance of the soul, refuse to do their office, we almost feel that the immortal spirit hath forgotten its high destiny, and is content to sink into nothingness. But when we look upon the glass, which is so obscured by time that the rays of light are scarcely discernible through it, who will suppose that the sun is quenched in everlasting night? When dark clouds intercept its cheering beams, we know that, as steadily and beautifully bright it shines, as when its genial rays illumined our pathway. Though the frail tenement may bear signs of dissolution, and tell us of time's rough surges that have beat against its walls, yet its noble inmate is safe from all his cruel endeavors to destroy.

The reflections of those, bending over the vast sea of futurity, upon enjoyments once possessed, but now forever lost, must awaken in the mind many emotions of pain. They look back upon the path which they have trod, and see the flowers of joy that have blossomed, and shed their fragrance around them; but when they turn their eye to the remainder of that path through which their weary feet must wander, darkness and impenetrable gloom surround it. They also remember that when they entered that path they were not alone. Friends, many and dear, were around them; with them they shared their sorrows and joys, and participated in theirs. Long was the season that they walked with them, and happy were the hours that they spent in their society. But now they are forced to exclaim, we are left alone in the journey of life; our companions have said farewell, and have turned from us, and laid down to die. The parting

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sigh is still sounding in our ear, and the expiring look will never fade from our remembrance. The voice of the parent who loved and guided, of the child and friend whose warm affections never were chilled by the cold blasts of adversity, are hushed in the silence of death. No more will the fondly remembered countenances enliven the heart that is desolate; for brother and companion are now the inhabitants of the cold sepulchre. They have all passed to their long home, and we are left the lonely mourners. Each kindness received, each tender proof of love shown, is now affectionately recalled to their minds, and the past three-score and ten years of life seem as a dream when one awaketh, or as a tale that is told; for they know that soon death's bleak winds will rush o'er those silver locks, and scatter them like the seared leaves of autumn. If those years have been spent in usefulness, if they have not lived in vain, their last hours will be sweetened, and the sting of death extracted. But those who can, in their long and lingering look on the past, see nought but the evil effects of their example, and misery created by their selfishness, are destitute of the chief consolation of old age. If they behold, wherever they turn their eye, some memento of their love, if among those around them, they recognise the orphan whom *their hands* have led from paths of want, and the family rescued from ruin; they will only regret that so soon they are to leave their useful sphere. And though they may feel that in a brief moment, the places that now know them will know them no more forever, yet they are assured that their names will live, and be had in everlasting remembrance. If on earth their virtues are not appreciated; though they receive not the applause of courts of renown, yet in nobler courts and purer regions, they are written with a sunbeam; in the realms of the king of kings, in the palace of the skies. For them is prepared a place among seraphim and cherubim, and they shall shine as the stars in the firmament. Though their brows were never encircled by the laurel wreath

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of fame, yet on their heads shall be placed "a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

If such are their expectations, if such happiness awaits them, why should they fear to die? What are the terrors of death to such? Surely to part with the pains and weariness of life, for these eternal glories, is unspeakable gain. Then, though death and eternity are in appearance very near, the prospect will be a pleasant one, and the anticipation will cheer the gloomy evening of their days. When they view those mansions prepared for them, they will forget the darkness of the valley of death, nor will earth's enchantments lure their souls from their eternal prize. Those things which in youth appeared so alluring, have lost their charm. The giddy rounds of pleasure, in which they once delighted, have now no attractions. They look upon the joys of the world as foolish and vain; they remember its promises to please, and never to forsake, but now behold it in its true light, deceitful and false. Their farewell to earth is not one of sadness, for they know that when they lose sight of things below, they will enter those habitations, where dwells enduring felicity. They hear a "still small voice" which whispers,

> "Come to the land of peace!
> Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,
> The shadow passes from the soul away,
> The sounds of weeping cease."

There in that abode of purity, no cloud shall intercept the rays of the sun of righteousness, but "the glory of God, like a mantle, shall forever cover the holy hill of Zion." The celestial Eden blooms forever, the bliss of which, when once partaken, shall meet with no alloy. The cares and perplexities of age shall not interrupt their peace, for eternal youth shall dissipate all its infirmities. The sorrowful bosom has ceased to heave; all their tears are wiped away; and they rest securely, far from the noisy tumult of the world. No more the weary tenants of a fragile bark on the boisterous ocean, they have entered the

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long sought haven. They have gained the shore of immortality; the tempest has ceased to beat, the wind to rave, the frantic sea to toss. They have anchored beyond the boundaries of storm, they have opened their eyes on the sunny isles. Who would not live a life like this? Who would not, when that life is over, be received into everlasting habitations? If we thirst for immortal honors, we must perform those actions which will procure them. Life must be spent in benefiting those around us. When we feel such a desire in the mind, and seek for objects of usefulness, let us think of those who, though advanced in years, are still gratified by the tender assiduities of the young to please and interest them. By many kind attentions, and affectionate endeavors to soothe, we may facilitate the descent of the rugged steep, and fill with comfort the evening of life. If we will tread in the way of wisdom, *we* may anticipate the unmingled bliss of heaven. *We* may look forward, from this scene of disappointment, to one of cloudless skies and perpetual noon day. The soft influence of its joy shall even here descend upon us, and its song of glory linger on the night winds which fan us. Our way will be cheered by a view of the glories of the upper regions, and the lambent light of eternity illuminate our future course, and gild the distant horizon. May our declining days be calm and peaceful, and our hopes brilliant of a glorious and holy immortality.

THE SUPERIORITY OF TALENTS TO WEALTH.

The wealth of the mind, so infinitely surpasses, in value, the wealth of the mine, that it seems scarcely possible that the question should arise, which is most to be desired, either for promoting our own happiness, or benefiting others. But as some of our friends think otherwise, we do not consider that we are engaged in idle speculation, while examining the subject.

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In considering it, we notice first, the stations which one endowed with a profusion of talents, and a well informed mind, can occupy. Many a poor boy has conquered the difficulties, and surmounted the billows of adversity, until he has risen to a great eminence, and shed forth, like the brightest star of the firmament, an effulgence to illuminate the world. After arriving at a mature age, perhaps he is intrusted with the pastoral care of a church. His depth of knowledge and talents, procure him friends, and the love of all his flock. Over the minds of his people he exerts an astonishing influence, forms the characters of the children of his charge, and guides into the right channel, the ardor of youth and the vigor of manhood. He imparts knowledge to the ignorant, virtue to the vicious, and is a fountain from which flows numerous streams to fertilize the earth. Suppose that in the situation of this man, you place one of immense wealth, and destitute of his intellectual attainments; what will be the result? Would such a change produce an increase of happiness or virtue? Men of genius demand the gratitude of the world, for the important discoveries in science and arts, which they have made. Who has not looked with admiration upon the majestic steam boat, as she glides so gracefully over the dark blue wave. No oar or sail propels her course.

> "She heeds not the winds with their spray of pride,
> And asks no boon of the angry tide,
> As she treads the breakers hoarse."

But what invented this noble machinery, that has blessed a world? It was not exhaustless stores of wealth, but rich gems of thought. Money could not invent a steamboat, or account for the fall of an apple. How beneficial to medical men, was Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood. The treasures of all the gold mines of our world, would not have brought the electrical fluid to pass round a rod of iron. It was Frank-

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lin's genius, his talents, that discovered its properties, and in this way saved thousands of lives.

A man of highly gifted intellect can obtain great influence over others. Though the maxim, "wealth is power," may be true, yet the power of wealth is impotency compared with that of knowledge. A learned man may sway his scepter over the world. His writings can change the opinions and affect the hearts of their readers. In all the eloquence of Demosthenes, he can plead for virtue and religion. Who can resist his entreaties? They come upon the mind as fire, and melt the chill iceberg of infidelity. Even when he sleeps the last, long sleep of death, his influence shall be felt, and his name remembered from mountain to mountain, and from valley to valley. The memorials of his affection for the world, and of his extensive knowledge, shall circulate throughout the earth, and America shall be blessed by the pennyless, though talented sons of Europe. England, too, shall know that her rude daughter is not completely savage, by the posthumous documents of her gifted children.

It is said that those possessing great wealth are free from the anxiety of those who are destitute of riches. But money brings with it care. Let him who is competent to judge upon this subject speak, and he will affirm that the possessor of large estates is continually attended by anxious solicitude. It is also asserted that a man of wealth can relieve the wants of families, and rescue villages from ruin. But what are the necessities of the body compared with the mind? Though money can give bread to the hungry, yet a man of superior intellect can afford to the thirsty soul springs of consolation. He can dispel the mists of ignorance and superstition which hang over the bewildered mind, by imparting the enlivening ray of knowledge. If the body is of more importance than the mind, it is of more consequence to relieve its wants.

Another assertion made is, that the plans of men of talents cannot be executed without money. This is true, but it is equally

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true, that unless these plans are formed they cannot be executed. Men of cultivated intellects can not only devise plans for men of wealth to perform, but they can do good to those around them without the aid of others. The last objection to which I shall allude, is that the effects produced by the abuse of talents, are more injurious than those caused by the abuse of wealth. If this is correct, the right use of talents is a greater blessing to the world than the right use of wealth, and therefore it cannot be any less a promoter of happiness.

If there are any who consider gold and silver a greater blessing to mankind than a mind which is a well spring of knowledge, let them have the riches they so much desire; but give *me* the rich intellect and thoughts sublime; give me the unquenchable flame of knowledge, pure and high. Give me a mind of superior order and uncommon powers, and, if necessary, I will relinquish all that they consider more to be desired.

DAVID.

"It is no easy task to cull the choicest flower from nature's large boquet;" but in reviewing the characters of the long list of earth's redeemed ones, the eye of the young christian cannot but rest with delight upon yon simple shepherd boy, as he reclines beneath the shade of some high tree, beside the gently murmuring stream; for there he tunes his voice to the sweet melody of praise, commingling with his daily avocations, religion's holier joys. And on whom does the eye of the hero love to rest? On that graceful form, as he advances to the scene of battle, with a heart beating high with youthful emotion, and enquires, "Who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?" and who approaches in the strength of the Lord, to disarm the dread opposer of his power to injure his chosen.

And in the still sabbath eve, when the mind rises from earthly

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scenes, how soothing are the sweet hymns that flow from David's harp. We first observe him in the confined, though interesting circle of home. Even in the glowing season of childhood, and while his feet trod youth's flowery path, his mind was preparing for that exalted station for which he was destined. Courage marked the actions of his early days. His employment required it, for devouring wolves were at hand, to steal away the emblems of innocence which he daily led among the green pastures, and beside the still waters. At this infantine period, while his tastes and character were forming, he imbibed a portion of the spirit of his meek charge, with some of the boldness of their inveterate enemy.

The silent grove lent him her mildest influences. The gentle harmonies of nature waved over him their poetical wand. Morning's brilliant beauties, and evening's hallowed glories, united their purifying charm, to lead his soul upward to regions where is eternal day. Even time, man's common destroyer, seemed lightly to lay his iron hand on his young head. But these morning hours, though wearing many signs of perennial loveliness, were to be succeeded by gloomy scenes of persecution and nights of sorrow. From boyhood, David passed to a more perilous season. Hitherto the parental eye and hand had watched and guided each wayward step; but now his home is changed to the court of a king, to scenes of disorder and vice. Separated from a spot, where unholy passions were never admitted and cherished, for one, where holy emotions hardly knew a dwelling; he was also severed from a father's nightly prayer and a mother's sanctified exertions for his perfection in holiness. Though one scene of trial followed another, and he became a wanderer upon the earth, living in its dens and caves, he girded on that armor which would alone shield him from the darts of his enemies. Each mountain retreat echoed the thrilling notes which flowed from his lyre, and the morning orison and the vesper tones of purity ascended from the silent grotto, or amid the leaves of the verdant grove. While fleeing

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from his enemies, and seeking some place of refuge from their grasp, we may imagine him wearied with his exertions and sinking under fatigue upon the ground, beneath the shade of some high rock, and we may hear him expressing his thoughts in words of fervid feeling: "My soul is among lions, I lie even among them that are set on fire, even the sons of men; they have prepared a net for my steps, my soul is bowed down." Then he breaks forth into a strain of angelic praise: "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise. Awake, psaltery and harp; be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens, let thy glory be above all the earth." Where can we find an instance of a more complete victory over the wayward passions of the heart, impatience, distrust, and revenge?

If we follow this wanderer through all his journeyings, we shall see the same holy heroism in almost every situation. It is true that his sky of purity was sometimes dimmed by a sinful cloud; but the showers of penitence that succeeded rendered that sky still softer and more beautiful. Amid these thorns, that filled David's path, there was one still sharper and more poignant. When age had cast her snowy mantle over his brow, and sorrow had given him many a well remembered lesson, his son became hostile to the friend of his youth, and seeking to promote his own honor, he pursued his aged father with an army, to obtain that diadem and scepter that was worn and wielded by the Lord's anointed. Whose heart does not heave with commiseration for such a father? Could the sparklings of a tiara console him for the loss of his boy's affections? Thus he expresses his heart-broken emotions, when forsaken of his erring child: "Oh that I had the wings of a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest." And when news was brought to David, that the wanderer from the paths of filial obedience had been summoned before his God, all the deep fountains of affection seemed broken up, and he exclaimed, in the bitterness of grief, "Oh! Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee; oh! Absalom, my son, my son." In

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the darkest hours, David knew that light shone from above, and looking upward, he trusted in the Father of lights, in whom is no shadow of turning. He cherished a grateful spirit for the many mercies he enjoyed, though thus encompassed by mists of affliction. Only at the end of his life, terminated his sorrows.

Blest spirit, now thou art 'mid eternal flowers;
Those thorns that pierced thy feet are felt no more.
The music of thy lyre shall ne'er be tuned to grief,
For peace and joy reign undisturbed in heaven.
Thy bower in paradise is a blest spot,
And there methinks thou lov'st to sit, catching
Sweet fragrant zephyrs, while thy notes of love
Are borne upon their breast, far through the vales,
And by the streams of life. Rest, holy, calm,
Is thine. No rude wind o'er thy brow, or storm
Of sorrow bursts. No erring friend proves false
To thee; for God, thy father, is thy best,
Thy chosen, and thy truest friend: those
That surround his throne, the saints of light,
Are faithful, kind, and true. Peace to thee, Spirit!
Peace. Rest thee in bowers above! Rest thee,
Where all is calm, and nought thy joy can move.

THE GOLDEN RULE.*

How familiar to us all, are the words, Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you. We may perhaps remember, how, even in childhood, it influenced us to deny ourselves some pleasure, that we might gratify the wishes of our school fellows. And now, having come to that stage of life, when we put away childish things, have we put away also the golden rule?

I will believe, christian reader, that you love and cherish this

* Published in the Philadelphia Observer.

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precept, desiring constantly to obey it. I would therefore direct your thoughts to an application of this rule, which may not have gained your attention. Have you ever tried to do to the poor degraded slave, as you would wish to have others do to you, were you in his situation? Each of us can imagine what we should desire of our christian friends, if we were carried away captive. We should wish them to do all that they could, which was right, to hasten the hour of our desired freedom. What can we do for the slave? We can speak for him. Our voices are listened to, in the dear fireside circle. There may be many hearts in which we have power to awake the melody of love and sympathy. Shall we refuse to make an effort to excite pity for our brother and sister in bonds? Let us represent their condition to those who will feel for them, and let us continue to speak of the wrongs and oppressions of slavery, until every heart shall beat in unison with ours.

Another thing which we can do, is to abstain from the use of those things which the slave is obliged to cultivate. Would it not rejoice your heart, christian friend, were you a slave, to know that the virtuous and generous of the land, refused to partake of the fruits of your unrequited toil? Surely you would imagine that you beheld the dawn of your day of gladness. Let us show, by our conduct, that we reverence Him who hath said, "Wo unto him that useth his neighbor's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work."

One thing more. You can pray for the slave. Forget not in the time of holy communion with heaven, the multitudes who are spiritually blind, through the influence of slavery. Can the word of God, which is the light of life, be shut out from the mind, and yet that mind be not in darkness? Pray, then, when thy heart is tender, for the benighted of thine own country, and for a wise and loving heart for thyself, that, by thee, they may be blest. Pour forth also thy desires that God would cause righteousness to be established in our land, and the effect of that righteousness, to the slave, shall be quietness, and an assurance of freedom forever.

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ADDRESS TO THE CONSTELLATION ORION WHEN IT APPEARED IN 1833.

Once more, ah! radiant beam, thou dost greet my eye. Again my heart throbs with thrilling emotions to your bright coruscations. I gaze upon thee as upon a tried and welcome friend; on one whom I have loved with youth's fervid zeal; and now I glance my eye to your blue home and shining band, while a sweet glow of rapturous ecstacy steals o'er my soul. But that bright beam tells many a sombre tale. Dark visions; yes, doleful imagery now starts before me, for time's record tells of many a fair and beauteous brow, that glowed still fairer 'neath thy sparkling ray, that now is laid where no such cheering scintillation pierces the deep, dusky gloom. I well remember some who gazed with me on your soul cheering light, who now are far away. They, too, may thus be calling upon thee for pleasures past, but vain are all entreaties, for a mightier power than thine has rolled the wheels of time's huge car along, and none may stay their course or stretch the hand to save the cherished flowers they crush.

Thy brightly glowing beams, sweet Orion, speak of the might of Him who formed thee. His glory is engraven on thy front; thy glistening tells His purity; thy nightly visits His unerring wisdom.

Oh! how thou dost draw our thoughts to scenes gone by. Thy light is a spell upon our musings, and awakens feelings of love intense for those to whom we have said farewell, to whom we have bound ourselves with affection's strong and lasting tie.

Oh! point us to that brighter prospect; to that purer state of being where no winter lowers, no farewell season dawns.

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"REMEMBER THEM THAT ARE IN BONDS AS BOUND WITH THEM."*

All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; therefore we should permit all its injunctions to come to our hearts with authority and force. Christians will regard, with watchful interest, any of its divine precepts which are presented to their minds. The soul that longs for God's commandments, will feel strengthened and cheered by any new comprehension of their meaning, ever rejoicing to discover the paths of obedience.

Christian reader, have you felt all the meaning of the command, "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them?" Have you yielded obedience to that command? If not, you will, I believe, gladly give your serious attention to endeavor to receive its full meaning, and to yield your hearty compliance. Will you then, for a few moments, remember the slave of our own land as bound with him? Do not exaggerate. Do not exhibit to your imagination sufferings which he does not endure. But in the calmness and faithfulness of truth, let his situation rise to your mind. Imagine yourself a slave. Can you not feel all that is, in this country and age, necessarily implied in this word? You are not the owner of any thing, except what another individual is pleased to allow you to possess. Whenever he chooses, your time, your friends, your strength, your *all*, are his. This you are fully aware is true. Even your soul is ruled by him. You are not free to offer, as you would, your spirit and body, your moments and faculties, holy and continual sacrifices unto God. These are taken from you, and belong to another. It is not probable that you are able to read. Then you know very little of the word of God. The lamp of life shines dimly on your pathway. After the toils of the day

* Published in the Philadelphia Observer.

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which you would not have endured if you could have chosen, you cannot cheer your evening's rest by the blessed employment of reading.

If you think, my christian friends, that you cannot *thus* remember the enslaved, because some of them are not exactly so situated, will you not then glance your eye over the description once more, and consider what it is which constitutes a man, *a slave;* also, the laws of most of the slaveholding states which forbid the slaves to read; and within the silent and affectionate recesses of your own heart, determine whether or not, you have remembered the slave as bound with him.

THE MILLENIUM.

The long expected morning dawned at last
Upon the tired and busy world. That
Was an hour of joy. The calm and azure vault
Of heaven, with its pure snow-white isles of bliss,
Sent to the souls of weary ones, the bliss
Of hope eternally to dwell 'neath skies
Of stainless innocence. Now were the years
Of holiness, the wished-for time of triumph
Of Immanuel's conquering car, arrived.
Prophets who stood in olden time, and told
Of a bright day of glory that should dawn,
Wake from your dreamless sleep, to cast one glance
On the mild beams of a millenial sun.
And thou sweet bard of Zion, whose enchanting
Harp moved to the gentle notes of song,
Flowing from lips just bathed in holy dews;
Thou who didst bear the signature of him
Whose glory was thy theme, does not thy strain
Of holy praise, in your abode of bliss,
Cease for a moment, while from seat so high,

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Thou cast'st a look upon thy former home
Of weariness and pain?
And what dost thou behold?
Lo! this is peace. The desert, wont
To bear no trace of living green, to feel
No sparkling wave roll o'er its thirsty breast,
Hath fragrant flowers of Eden, on its cool
And shady banks.
Behold the dark and dismal den
Of dragons, and of hydras dire, is changed
To the green fertile spot of joy.
Heard thou that tuneful note, as if a strain
Of thy sweet harp still lingered on Judea's breeze?
That was the song
That bursts from the rejoicing wilderness,
Now clothed with Carmel's excellency,
And the rich glory of majestic
Lebanon. But hark! a louder, deeper
Sound of praise rings through the air. Lo! the redeemed
Of God are these. They march to Zion;
On their heads sits everlasting joy,
And on their tongues eternal notes of praise.
They have obtained the promised gladness,
The former sigh of hope deferred is hushed,
Forever ceased. Sorrow hath found a wing,
And lo! 'tis flown far from this region
Of enduring joy.
Before the Holy One
Are seen those of all nations, tribes and tongues:
Even those who sat beneath the cloud
Of heathen gloom, have risen from its darkness,
And cast off the worship of vain idol gods;
Have bowed the knee to Him inhabiting
Infinity. And those whose only light
Has been the feeble rays that the pale crescent

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Sheds upon its worshippers, now sit and bask
In the warm beams of the bright throne of God.
Around that throne,
Bowing in lowly reverence and awe,
Are those from every land. One song bursts
From all lips. That song is praise and honor,
Eternal glory, everlasting power,
To him who sits upon the throne and to the Lamb.
No sigh is borne upon the wind, no voice
Of woe; no voice of horrid guilt, casting
Away the fear of God, and vowing
Malice endless and perpetual hate;
For all are bowed in meek and humble trust
And pure confiding love.
Lo! 'tis millenial glory!
'Tis Jehovah's day of victory:
Shout, nations of the earth! Shout, seraphim
And cherubim! and fill the universe
Of God, with hallelujahs long and loud.

THE BIBLE.

Bright star, amid the gloom
Of time's dark dreary night;
We hail thy radiant beam with joy,
For thou art heaven's own light.

Where thou hast been, thy ray
Hast life and peace conveyed;
Thou hast, the dry and thirsty place,
A flowery garden made.

Thou led'st the saints of old
Through many a weary way;

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Guiding them safe through vales of shade,
To realms of endless day.

Thou, too, art a sweet drop
From heaven's pure hallowed fount,
Which springs from 'neath the throne, and flows
O'er all the holy mount.

Thou hast fallen, like Hermon's dew,
On earth's frail weary ones;
Cheering their pilgrim, care-worn steps,
Blessing her wandering sons.

Still bless our evil world,
Still let thy influence stay;
Oh! never leave us till we hail
Heaven's noontide glorious ray.

TO MY SCHOOL DAYS.

Farewell ye joyous hours,
Ye have quickly flown away;
But oft your silken wing has borne
A pure, a sunny ray.

Your mournful dirge we sing,
For ne'er shall days so bright
Dawn on us in this land of sin,
This dreary, darksome night.

Friends of my halcyon days,
I hear your love-soft tones,
For you, dear cherished ones, my heart,
As does a lost bird, moans.

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Days of my joys, farewell,
Ye could not always last,
And I must say amen, though you
Are sleeping with the past.

"IT IS A FEARFUL THING TO LOVE WHAT DEATH MAY TOUCH."

Oh! idol of my heart, I saw thee in that hour
Of woe. Of woe? It was thine hour of triumph;
For thou hadst won a home of blessedness,
'Mid gardens of perennial loveliness.
It was an hour of woe to her who gazed,
With the deep earnest love of one whose life
Was locked in thine. But thou, my heart's adored,
Art where no pang of sorrow e'er shall rend
Thy soul. And I will look from scenes
Where thou hast shone in luster bright, to one
Where now, in purity and joy, thou rests
From all thy toil.

HEAVEN.

There are no evening hours,
No darkly shaded sky;
There are no faded flowers,
No cherished joys that die.
Fair, on the heavenly hills,
A holy luster beams,
And o'er the "waters still,"
And "pastures green," it gleams.

No sad or aching heart,
In those pure bowers, is found;

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They share a better part
Than those on earthly ground.
Our wanderings soon shall cease,
Our heavenly rest appear,
And the sweet song of peace
Float to our ravished ear.

Praise for the promise sweet,
For the hope, firmly given,
That soon our weary feet
Shall tread the bowers of heaven;
Where are no mournful strains,
No weary spirit's sigh,
Where joy perennial reigns,
Beaming from every eye.

INVOCATION.

Jesus, our blessed friend,
To thee our hearts ascend,
Thou unto whom our hearts and lives are given;
Once thou didst dwell below,
Once thou didst feel earth's woe;
Now thou hast reached thy home divine in heaven.

Thou who didst feel earth's cares,
Didst know her thousand snares
Drawing the heart from God, and heaven, and peace;
Save, in the tempting hour,
Thy children, from the power
Of earth's vain things, and bid the tempter cease.

And as thyself wast pure,
Whom earth could not allure
To tread her paths of sin and vanity,

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So may our feet e'er tread
The way our Savior led,
That blessed way which leads to heaven and thee.

When this short life is o'er,
And we can feel no more
Its fleeting sorrow, and its treacherous kiss;
Unto thy heavenly home,
Bid us, our Savior, come,
To share with thee its glory and its bliss.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Sweet hour of holy rest,
I love thy gentle tread;
Thy presence calms the throbbing breast,
And lulls the weary head.

Thy hand will guide to heaven,
The sorrowing child of God,
And ope the gates of paradise,
By sainted feet e'er trod.

Then shall the holy rush
Of music greet the ear,
While David's lyre pours forth its strains
Of glory, loud and clear.

Come, then, thou sombre king,
We do not fear thy sway;
Who would not pass thy gloomy realm,
To reach eternal day?

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ON READING THE "REMAINS OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE."

Seraph! thy spirit-stirring song has died
Upon the breeze, thy lyre has ceased its melody;
But round me floats the softly-breathing sound,
Which flows from thine own pure and hallowed harp,
In fairer realms of poesy and song.
I list at eventide, or when the night's
Grey robe is drawn o'er earth's reposers,
And methinks that sound celestial, gently
Moves upon the air.
While thou wast captive in a land of shades,
And pilgrim through a devious wilderness,
Thy tender soul was oft times solaced
By enchanting minstrelsy.

There was a charm, blest muse, in thy sweet strains,
To soothe the care-worn and to heal the sick.
Earth's thousand darts had poured too fatally,
Had not religion's, and thy holy charm,
Poured healing balm, of richest fragrance o'er
The bleeding soul.
But now, alas! thy lyre
Of softest tone, sweet spirit, is not heard
Along earth's vales; the mountains echo not
Its thrilling notes of pensive melody.
On holier mounts in purer realms thy song
Is heard. Oh! how that holy strain floats o'er
The stream of life, and moves the odorous
Breeze that fans the brows of earth's redeemed ones.
Now that sublimest theme resounds along
The shores of bliss, that holy anthem fills
Heaven's concave vast.
Blest spirit! thou art free
From sin's polluting touch. We will not wish

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Thee back to sorrow's thorn-clad path, when thou
Art where sweet roses shed their dew. We will
Not call thee to these bitter draughts of grief,
When thou art drinking from the fount of life,
And tasting joys unearthly and refined.

TO THE MOON AFTER AN ECLIPSE.

Welcome again, bright moon! thine hour of dimness
Has not lasted long. While yon dark spot was o'er thee,
All nature mourned thy clouded beauty.
The trees put on their ebon robe, and earth
Was dark with grief. Man felt the change from light
To gloom. He lifted, unto thy bright home,
His eye, and sought again thy beams to cheer him
In a night of woe. But thou hadst fled.
And the heart wounded one, who felt that earth
Was dark and bleak, without a ray of love
To gild the midnight sky of loneliness,
Looked up to heaven with a confiding trust
In thy consoling beams, but looked in vain.
That hallowed source of joy was clouded,
And to the sky of loneliness was given
Another shade of gloom.

Thy soul-exciting radiance fell no more
Upon the lover of the vesper hour. The prayer
Was said without thy beam to elevate
The thoughts to realms of ever-during light.
The twilight lingerer at thy shrine,
Could not behold thy face, for earth had stolen
All the streams of light that flow from the full fount
Of luster, wont to pour its gushings
On thee ever.

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But welcome, once again, sweet orb of night.
Thine absence makes our hearts' desires to gaze
Upon thee, stronger than before. Earth
Has cast off her dismal robe, while man's high heart
Beats in thy shinings with a quicker pulse,
And the sweet smile has chased the tear drop
From the cheek of broken hearted ones.
Now take our souls, glad moon, and bear them hence,
Up to that shining sphere, where neither moon,
Nor sun, nor lamp is found, to light its courts;
But where the everlasting luster
Is the glory of the Holy One.

THE CHURCH.

Fair wert thou once, thou bride,
  Purer than now thou art;
Then dwelt thou near his side,
  Who bears thee on his heart.

'Twas in thy early days,
  When all thy vows were new;
When thy forerunner's ways
  Were plain before thy view.

When his sweet words of love
  Still glowed within thy heart,
Drawing thy soul above,
  Shielding from Satan's dart.

But since that happy day
  Thou hast grown full of cares,
And oft thou tak'st thy way
  Among forbidden snares.

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Thy love and charity
Seem like the early dew,
Thy heavenly purity
Is dimmed and vanished too.

"Earth has engrossed thy love too long;"
Turn from thy erring way:
What hidden, sinful charm so strong
Has lured thy feet astray?

SLAVERY.

And there were solemn gatherings in the sky,
Of those pure spirits which to man are given,
To guide his wayward footsteps to the high
And perfect bliss of an eternal heaven.

They spoke of that pure being God had made
In his own image, and to bear his form;
How from the path of radiancy he strayed,
And changed, for night, the gladly beaming morn.

They spoke of a dark stain of guilt which lay
On man's fair brow, in this wide western land;
How, from his brother's eye, he barred the day
Of freedom, with a high, usurping hand,

And crushed the holiest feelings of the soul,
The best and noblest thing that God hath made;
And caused the waves of wretchedness to roll
O'er the sad children of a darker shade.

To these benighted ones they bent their way,
To cheer them in their loneliness and gloom;
And raise their eyes to a faint glimmering ray,
Which, in full joy, shall burst upon them soon.

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But to the soul of him who binds in chains
His brother, fashioned by the same kind hand
That showered on him affection's gentle rains,
And bound their once soft hearts with love's firm band,

They whispered in the stillness of the night,
Or in the busy hour of noontide's heat,
Of an avenging power, an arm of might,
That for his lips a cup of wo will mete.

Oh! spirits of the air! let your bright wings,
Fan from our world away this blighting stain;
And the sad captive turn his sorrowings
Into glad praise, in Freedom's holy fane.

LIFE.

Is life a thorny vale?
A faint and sickly ray?
A vapor cloud that sails
In April's fickle day?

Life's path hath some sweet flowers;
Some radiant beams of light:
Some clear blue skies that glow
Without a shade of night.

But fleeting as the dew,
Or like the tender flower:
These offsprings of the earth
Are children of an hour.

Eternity hath hers,
But like herself they are,
Without a sullying spot
Their holiness to mar.

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TO SUMMER.

Stern winter fast is flying,
  Come summer on thy wings
Of dew, and balm, and blessed love,
  Like heaven's own hallowings.

Come with thy songs of melody,
  Thy flowers of Eden's hue;
Come with thy sun-set's alchemy,
  Thy skies of stainless blue.

Sweet summer, bring thy roses,
  And all thy flowery train,
Thy glorious days of purity,
  Thy gentle, softening rain.

Come with thy deep and prouder tones,
  Thy holy storms of light,
Thy loud majestic thunderings,
  And all thy things of might.

But mostly, summer, bring us
  Thine own sweet gentleness;
We love thee best in tender moods,
  Thine hours of loveliness.

Stern winter fast is flying,
  Come summer, on thy wings
Of dew and balm, and blessed love,
  Like heaven's own hallowings.

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"HIS BLOOD BE ON US AND ON OUR CHILDREN."

His blood *is* on thee, wandering Israel,
Thy lot is one of sorrow and of ill,
Thou drink'st a bitter cup; but it is well,
That cup thy lips did ask, thy hand did fill.

Yes, fearful were thy words, in that dread hour
When Jesus stood before thee, meek and pure;
Thou thought'st that thou, a worm of dust, had'st power,
The storm of heaven's anger to endure.

Ah! whither now for refuge canst thou flee,
From this dark storm that burst upon thy head?
Oh! who will look with pitying eye on thee
Who unto death the Lamb of God hath led?

He who wept o'er thee while he lived below;
He whom thy hands have crucified and slain;
He calls thee to him, and he bids thee know
Thou mayst return and be beloved again.

Oh! haste thee, Israel, to that blessed mount,
On which the dying Savior prayed for thee:
And wash thy sins away in that blest fount
Which flows, to bless the world, from Calvary.

Then shall the King of heaven be called thy Lord,
And thou shalt dwell beneath his wing who gave
His life for thee; and so his precious blood
Shall be upon thee, but to heal and save.

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"WHO CAN UNDERSTAND HIS ERRORS?"

How sad, upon the darkened heart,
To turn the penetrating eye,
And see, in its most hallowed part,
Sin's ruining deformity.
Dimmed is thine image, Father, God,
In this sad heart, by earth allured
To leave the path my Savior trod,
Forget the sufferings he endured.
Oh! could I count the ocean sands,
Or tell the stars that shine at even,
E'en then I would not know the times
I've wandered from my God and heaven.
But thou, all-seeing Holy One,
Hast seen my erring soul within;
Hear then the breathing prayer I raise,
"Cleanse me, O Lord, from secret sin."

A REVERIE.

I stood beneath Judea's starry sky.
Day had long left its throne, and night
In pomp and glory led her hosts along
The heavens, and with deep solemn silence awed
Her subjects into reverent loyalty.
Few were the gazers on "thy handy-work"
O Lord! Man, weary with *day's* tasks, forgot
The adoration due to *eve*, content
If *one* could witness to his faithfulness.
Ah! such forget that e'en with darkness comes
A scene of joy and radiance never seen
By day. That in the deep, deep vault above
Are worlds, revolving ever around worlds,

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And system around system, until all,
One glorious universe, can find no other
Center than the gold and sapphire throne
Of the Invisible.
From heaven I turned my eye
To earth; and there in quiet loneliness
Sat night's own children: shepherds of the plain,
Watching their flocks and heaven. Their hearts were raised
By that sublimity which clothes the stars,
And looking upward, sought with faith's firm eye
To pierce the upper sea, e'en to the gold
And pearls that lie beyond.
But as I gazed, a sound
Of tuneful voices floated by, and then
The heavenly notes, as of an air-harp, swelled
To tones of majesty, and the full chorus
Filled the dewy air——"Glory to God on high!
To weary man the olive leaf shall yield
Her fragrant breath, for heaven's high king hath sent
Good tidings of great joy." The air was filled
With tones of seraph's minstrelsy,
And the bright rays from angels' wings eclipsed
The luster of the astonished stars.

CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA.

'Twas evening in the desert place, where Christ
Had fed the multitude. They had all left
The one without a place to lay his head;
And in the dimness of the eve, he sought
A mountain's hallowed loneliness, to pray.

Man oft times feels the ecstacy
Of blessed converse with the Holy One,
In fellowship sublime with beings heavenly:

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But who can tell the Savior's hallowed thoughts,
While in the twilight of the forest's gloom,
He poured his soul out to his God; and drank
Full many a cup of unpolluted bliss
From heavenly springs. His spirit entered not
An unfrequented realm, but a bright sphere
Of glory, which was that spirit's home.
On the dark sea, a ship rolled to and fro,
With the wild rushings of the angry wind.
The briny ocean heaved its maddening breast,
And the frail bark was driven before its rage.
There was the Savior's band of trusting friends.
In the lone wilderness, his heart remembered
Them; and with a Savior's love he hasted
To their aid.
The ship rode high upon the waves,
When the faint hearts of those within the bark
Were made still fainter by a form mysterious
Walking on the sea. They knew it not
Until it said, "Oh! be ye not afraid,
For it is I." Gladness came o'er their hearts,
For fear could never dwell within them, while
The Savior's smile was shedding peace around.
Within that tossing bark was one who loved
His Lord; (though in the heat of fearful passions
He had said, "I know him not,") who cried amid
The beatings of the storm, "If thou art He
In whom we trust, Oh! bid me walk
Upon those heaving waves with thee."
And the Benign and Gracious bade him come:
And when the faithless and the wavering sank,
His pitying and redeeming hand
Restored him from the perilous abyss,
And led him safely to his floating home.
The Savior stood upon that joyous deck,

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And the wild waves were stilled. The wind's hoarse
Murmurings died away, and ebon clouds
Dispersed. The stars shone forth in luster,
And that band of frighted ones bowed down
Before their Lord, and offered solemn praise.

"LIKE AS A FATHER PITIETH HIS CHILDREN, SO THE LORD PITIETH THEM THAT FEAR HIM."

When sorrow, like a thunder cloud,
Sheds darkness o'er my fainting heart;
And all the soul's bright hopes are bowed,
By disappointment's keenest dart,
I cast my spirit's hope on thee:
My Father, thou, in verity.
Oh! thou hast joy for many an hour,
When earth's deceitful joys are past;
And thy forgiving love hath power,
Over my drooping soul, to cast
A flood of softened, gentle light,
As fell on Eden's bowers so bright.
Yes, thou hast deigned to call me thine,
And I have set my heart on thee;
To thee my warmest thoughts incline,
In thee, my joy, my all I see.
I wish no greater bliss to know
While in this wilderness below:
And soon I hope to see thy face,
To bear thine image too, in heaven,
And ever rest in thine embrace,
My woes forgot; my sins forgiven;
Then shall my spirit love thee more,
And thy paternal care adore.

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TO A CHILD.

When amid thy frolic hours,
  Child of gay and playful thought,
Thy light foot has trod on flowers
  Which thy Maker's hand hath wrought;
Did thine onward reaching eye
  O'er life's future pathway, rest
On thy youthful gaiety,
  By time's heavier footstep prest?

Dost thou know that sunny beams
  Shine not ever on thy way?
That the loveliest light that gleams,
  Oft is found a fading ray?
That thy beauty and thy grace
  Are like those young morning flowers,
Which beneath thy footstep's trace,
  Lie within their lovely bowers?

Some rude touch of time will lay
  In the dust thy morning dreams,
And thy joys will pass away
  Like the evening's golden beams.
Cast, then, all thy trust on God,
  Who thy tender feet will lead;
Who, though all thy hopes are bowed,
  Ne'er will break the bruised reed.

TO THE SPIRIT OF MY DEPARTED AUNT.

Swift are thy soaring wings
  Spirit from earth set free:
Past are earth's shadowings
  Over things heavenly.

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Bright, bright is all the scene
That bursts upon thy view,
And lovely is the gleam
Spread o'er those prospects new.
Music of glorious sound
Is heard from music's home,
And all the air around
Has voices breathing, "come."
"Come to the Sabbath land,
Come to the holy shore,
Come where the spoiler's hand
Assails the soul no more.
Come to thy Savior's breast,
Thy sins and perils past,
Exchange thy toils for rest,
Earth's joys for those which last."
Yes, and our spirits joy
To give thee unto him,
To bliss without alloy,
To glory never dim.
For as thy spirit fled,
Its trust was not in vain,
"Christ will be all," it said,
Yes, and eternal gain.
Oh! may his guiding grace
Lead us to join thee there,
When run *our* weary race,
When past *our* sin and care.

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TO THE BURIED REMAINS OF THE SAME.

Rest thee, throbbing heart;
Rest thee, weary head:
Rest thee, where thou art
In thy narrow bed.
For a watchful eye
Guards thy bethel pillow,
His, who lives on high,
His, who calmed the billow.
Doubt and sin and pain
Will not wake thee more:
Thou shalt rise again,
When all doubt is o'er.
Sleep, for thou art blest,
Angels guard thy bed,
And above thy rest
Holier wings are spread.
Safe beneath them lie
'Till thy call shall come,
Then spread thine on high,
For thy better home.

JERUSALEM.

(Jerh. 7. 34.)

Stillness hath settled on thee now,
Thou who wert once so fair;
He who did make, had power to bow
The loftiest in despair:
To send destruction like a flood,
Where all thy living glories stood.

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Hushed is the voice of gladsome tone,
  Once heard within thy walls:
Now desolation sad and lone,
  Over thy splendor falls,
And love's sweet strains have ceased to pour
Their music on the evening hour.

And does a spirit pant to know,
  How loveliness can die;
And how so bright and pure a glow
  Could fade upon thy sky?
We'll bid it come with us, and see
The clouds of man's idolatry.

Oh! let the beauty ever fade,
  That hovers o'er its path;
And let it in the dust be laid,
  Ere wakes Jehovah's wrath.
He who supreme our souls should love
Dwells in his loftiness above.

Bow, then, in lowliness of faith,
  To Him who claims thy praise;
To Him, who in his mercy saith,
  The humbled he will raise;
And e'en to wayward Israel bring
A light to guide his wandering.

ACROSTIC.

Might e'en the pen of inspiration move
On this blest theme, a mother's holiest love,
Then, *then* could ne'er be told that ocean's depth,
High e'en as heaven, immeasurable its breadth;
Eternity with joy will speak its name,
Revolving ages here record its fame.

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THANK-OFFERING.

For all the guidance of thy gracious love,
The blessed teachings of thy holy word,
The faint aspiring of my soul above,
I thank thee, oh! my Father and my Lord.

None but the Spirit could incline my heart
To raise one grateful song of praise to thee;
Only thy voice could bid my fears depart,
Only thy healing, cause mine eyes to see.

Now from the dust, my Father, let my cry
Rise unto thee, and do thou send relief;
For thou can'st hear the bosom's faintest sigh,
"Lord I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

TO THE FLOWERS OF MOUNT AUBURN.

Sweet is your birth-place, lovely flowers, and pure
The dewy home of all your opening leaves.
Beauty and softness are your guardian friends,
And therefore are ye pure as those first blossoms,
Trained by Eve's fair hand, in bowers scarce lovelier
Than your home of shade.

Yours is a holy task to bloom
Above the dead. To breathe your odors forth
Upon the air that bears angelic forms,
Who come to watch the sainted and the blest.

Ye are meek emblems
Of all blessed things. So pure and white;
But yet we see, in your soft falling leaves,
A sad resemblance to our fleeting life.

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E'en ye are not perennial. There will come
To you an hour, like that which visited
The forms which lie around, when your sweet life
Will cease, and your bright petals strew the paths
Ye decorate.

Fare ye well: there is a holier mount
On whose fair brow no faded flower shall lie:
A mount where all is ever-during,
And "whose green turf hides no grave."

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT SON OF A MISSIONARY.

An infant's smile of joy,
And brightly beaming eye,
Poured summer radiance on a home
Beneath an Indian sky.
There were fond hearts that left
Their own New England shore,
Upon a darkened heathen land
The light of life to pour.

Full many a lonely hour
Was cheered by infant glee,
Which on a parent's happy ear
Poured its soft melody.
What meant that saddened glance?
Those bitter tears that gushed?
The radiance of that infant's eye
Is dimmed: his voice is hushed.

Though not to mortal ear,
To hear that voice, is given;
Yet cherub voices pour their lay
Amid the songs of heaven.

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Look up, then, fainting hearts,
And view your angel-boy,
Within your own long promised home
Of holiness and joy.

EVE.

Gone are the tints of day,
Faded like rainbow dyes;
In heaven there is a holy ray,
Dimmed by no sombre skies.

Stars! ye are beaming bright,
In yon fair home above;
How oft your heaven-resembling light
Inspires my heart with love.

Oh! eve, thou lovely one,
I bring my heart to thee;
And, as I bow at thy pure shrine,
Oh! give me purity.

But thy kind dews and rains,
Will never cleanse my soul;
Come then thou wave from Calvary's mount,
O'er my stained spirit roll.

"WE TRUSTED THAT IT HAD BEEN HE WHICH SHOULD HAVE REDEEMED ISRAEL."

We looked upon his blessed form, and thought
That in that lofty mien and gentle eye,
We saw *His* love who erring Israel sought,
To lead from sin and death, to bliss on high;

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How hath our soul's deep hope been crushed at last:
Now all our joy, our brilliant dreams are past.

On him we ventured all our holiest love,
Nor did we think that, like earth's transient joy,
It e'er such sorrow to our hearts would prove,
Or that such perfect bliss could find alloy.
But now upon us falls a sickening blight,
For he, our loved, has vanished from our sight.

Where shall we turn for comfort in our need?
The tomb is lonely where he did repose:
Once his dear hand our wandering feet could lead,
And to our eyes the better path disclose.
Now in our sadness we must weep in vain;
Where shall we find so true a friend again?

"Why cast ye, sad ones, from your hearts away
His words, whom, with such holy trust, ye love?
Why hide the only cheering, blessed ray
That gilds your darkness, shining from above?
Remember how he said that he must die
And rise again, your wants to satisfy."

Thus spake their Savior in that happy hour,
And o'er those doubting hearts fresh knowledge poured,
They looked with livelier trust upon his power
To ransom Israel, and their souls adored.
Then, with a steadfast love that knew no end,
They toiled and suffered for that risen friend.

TO MRS. DEAN, MISSIONARY TO SIAM.

Fare thee well, beloved and lovely,
Joyously we say farewell;
Thou art passing, blithe and gladly,
In a heathen land to dwell.

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Wherefore should a tear of sorrow
Dim thine eye for loved ones left,
When thou look'st on that bright morrow
Which shall re-unite the blest?

Thine will be a task most holy,
A most blessed lot be thine,
To repeat the precious story
Of the Savior's love divine.
Hasten, hasten, lest the dying
Perish, in the gloom of night,
Ere the news of love reviving
Sheds the beams of sacred light

Stay not for thy father's blessing,
Look not on thy mother's tears,
For a cry our spirits piercing,
Every moment greets our ears;
There is one who'll be thy father,
And thy never failing guide;
He is mother, sister, brother,
All in all, and more beside.

Thou art safe. The stormy ocean
Lies within his mighty hand,
And its lofty evolutions
Calmly cease at his command.
Fear thou not the angry billow
Dashing round thee and above,
Thou may'st rest upon the pillow
Of his ever-during love.

Fare thee well. With him we leave thee;
Nought can harm thee in his care;
For thy usefulness and safety
Ever shall ascend our prayer.

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Lift thine eye, in sorrow's evening,
To the world of perfect day,
Where the bitter tears of parting,
And of grief, are wiped away.

THE DYING YEAR.

Farewell thou dying year!
Follow thy predecessors to a *timely* grave;
But, like thy children's, shall thine influence
Be felt e'en when thy voice is hushed, thy name
And place forgotten long.

Thou, both the giver and receiver
Of a thousand joys, hast passed with heavy,
But with silent, step, over our weary earth.

Gifts, holy and sweet, to many
A lowly heart, thy well filled hand hast brought
From the kind Father of our perfect gifts;
Who, in his chastening love, did also bid
Thee purify his children's souls for heaven.
Thou hast led home the wanderer to the fold
Of everlasting love and light and joy.
On its low narrow bed of silent gloom,
Thou hast laid down the mother's cherished love,
To sleep uncradled and unwatched 'till hearts
Are linked again in heaven.

But to my wayward-spirit, faithful year,
What hast thou brought, to be embalmed
In memory's holy cell? Thanks to that God
Who sent thee on thy course, for all the gifts
Of everlasting joy to this bruised heart.

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Rise, oh! my soul, in songs of inner praise;
Songs for those gifts of peace, of care and pain;
For the rich store of outward, earthly joys,
And the high, heavenly rapture, all within
This throbbing heart concealed.

Grateful my hymn should be for darkest hours,
For the dim shadows on my spirit laid;
For all the many bitter, thorn-clad flowers,
Gathered, my Father, when from thee I strayed.

Thanks for the hope, that to this guilty heart
That better speaking blood thou hast applied;
That when the strength and life within depart,
Fainting, my soul may turn to Him who died.

So shall the darkness pass away at last,
When on this shaded eye heaven's light shall fall;
And when earth's sorrows, joys and cares are past,
Thankful, my soul shall sing thy praise for all.

Father, wilt thou receive my feeble song;
And wilt thou fit my soul for purer praise,
That the blest years of glory may prolong
The worship that this wandering heart would raise.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

Judea's mountains and her vales
  Echoed the Savior's prayer,
And silent evening knew his step,
  In lonely sorrow, there.

There, with a love that knew no end,
  He knelt upon the sod,
And offered up his spirit pure
  Unto a holy God.

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That band of loved ones could forget
To watch with him in prayer;
But Jesus' love ne'er knew a change
Through all his hours of care.

Oh! Savior, may our memories dwell
With rapture on thy love;
And know its power to fit our souls
To dwell with thee above.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Rejoice, sad mother, o'er thy blessed babe,
For all its pains are ended, and its sighs,
That woke thy heart to frenzied agony, and gave
Those bitter tears of grief to fill thy sorrowing eyes,
Are hushed in holy calmness and in death.
No more shall sickness dim its lovely form,
Or earth destroy its beauty with her breath:
Is it not mid the loveliness of heaven's pure morn?

Rejoice then, mother, that thy blessed one,
Hath found a dwelling in a fairer bower;
And nerve thy soul to holy duties on,
That thou may'st meet it there, when past life's transient hour.
Soft be thy resting place, beloved child,
Upon thy gentle Savior's arm of love;
Thou who art e'en like him, pure, undefiled,
May we behold in those fair bowers of bliss above.

ACROSTIC.

Far should we rove o'er mount and grove and vale.
Amid the beauties of some lovely clime,
To seek for pleasures that will never fail,
How vain would be our wanderings; how mispent our time:
Earth hath no fount so like to that above,
Round which to gather, as *a father's love.*

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OPPRESSION.

The shadows of a summer eve
  Played on the verdant grass;
When, on the dewy southern breeze,
  I heard a low sound pass.

Oh! 'twas a soft and gentle tone,
  Yet fraught with bitter pain;
It told of those, who, sad and lone,
  Toil for a tyrant's gain.

I heard the strain of bitterness;
  I heard the captive's sigh,
And bade my heart forget it not
  Ere in the grave I lie.

ACROSTIC.

Sweet day, farewell, how oft your light,
  Upon my worldly heart doth gleam;
Not like the earth's destroying blight,
  Dear emblem of a brighter beam.
Ah! gentle are thy charms and soft,
Yon world of rest revealing oft.

AN HOUR OF SADNESS.

Rest thee, my aching heart,
  Bid all thy fears depart;
One watches o'er thee with a father's love.
  What though thy friends forget,
  He whom thou lovest, yet
Is near, to comfort and to lead above.

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If, in his gracious sight,
The dreariness of night
Seem best to fit thy soul for endless day,
Let thy calm spirit still
Bow to his blessed will,
And its *first* fruits upon his altar lay.

Father, I cannot see
Through thy deep mystery;
But let me, weak and sinful, lay my head
On thy paternal breast,
And find its longed-for rest,
Where peace, *thy* gift alone, like dew is shed.

And may thy thrilling voice
Bid my lone heart rejoice,
Amid the sorrows of its darkest hour;
For my sick soul doth mourn
Only for thy return,
Asking no sweeter and no holier dower.

Still does my spirit stray
From thy blest narrow way;
Save me, oh! Father, from the desert wild;
Fainting I fly to thee,
Oh! bid the darkness flee,
And, for the Atoner's sake, take home thy child.

FADING JOYS.

Our youthful days are flying,
Fast speed the joyous hours;
Cold, blighting winds are sighing
Upon the fairest flowers.
This earth is full of sorrow,
And all her beauties die;
Her brightest things, to-morrow,
Will, crushed and ruined, lie.

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E'en love, her holiest blessing,
Sometimes can lose its power;
Can cease its fond caressing,
Can know a trembling hour.
But love is ever-during
'Mid heaven's bowers so fair,
Such bliss our souls is luring
To dwell for ever there.

To thee, then, holy heaven,
We lift a trusting eye,
Praying that strength be given
To reach thy courts on high:
For joy below them, never
Will we in sorrow pine,
This be *our* bliss for ever
That we are heirs of *thine*.

THE DYING CHILD.

Mother, that tear drop
Would not fall, if thou couldst glance thine eye
Upon the beauties of my heavenly home.
For I am going to my best beloved;
My Father, Savior, God.
I see those rivers pure, and fragrant flowers
That thou so oft hast spoken of. Mother,
I see the glories of that clime, where thou
Hast charged thy child to fix her heart, that there
Her treasure and her everlasting home
Might be. And shall I turn my eye
From such a scene, to dim its radiance
In the dark visions of less lovely things?
How oft I've caught such blissful sounds as these
Flowing from thy sweet lips.

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"Heaven is thy home, my love;
Cling not to earth, for sublunary joys
Are like the shadow as it passes o'er
The lake's pure glassy breast."

And now, too much adored
And blessed mother, would'st thou chain me where
No pleasures are, and where my home is not?
A stranger and a pilgrim would'st thou
I should be, through many a dreary year
To come?

I hear thee, mother, I can hear thee say,
"Yes, go my child to yon pure happy clime,
Where holier, warmer, higher loves shall be
Around thee ever. Where the chill blasts of pain
Shall never beat upon thy tender form:
Where thou shalt be with God thy best
And highest friend."

Yes; fare thee well.
I go. There's only a bright, glassy stream
To pass, and I shall be mid trees of life,
And quaffing draughts of bliss from yon pure wave.
And thou, my mother, dear, shall quickly meet
Thy child in bowers of purity,
And realms of song. Farewell.

"DOTH THE HAWK FLY BY THY WISDOM? DOTH THE EAGLE MOUNT UP AT THY COMMAND?"

No, Father, 'tis not we who guide
The eagle's mountain wing;
Nor we who teach the hawk to find
The balmy land of spring.

But by thy wisdom and command
Obediently they fly;

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Or rest upon the craggy rock,
Or mount, like faith, on high.

And where the dying sparrow falls,
From thine own glorious sky
Unto this earth of sin and death,
Is thy regarding eye.

Oh! thou who guidest all things well,
Look on the human soul,
And all its pride and waywardness
Oh! let thy power control.

Teach it in lowliness to wait
Upon the Lord in hope;
That, like the eagle, it may mount
In strength and glory up.

WRITTEN AT A TIME OF NATIONAL TURBULENCE.

What though the ocean's wave
Is high, and winds are loud;
What though the tempest rave,
And mighty hearts are bowed:
He whose blest hand still guides our way,
Dwells in the calm of cloudless day.

Hopes on the waters cast
Shall sink as soon as they,
And he who to the blast
Looks up for aid, shall say,
I sought and found not: for the wave,
And air, and cloud, are weak to save.

Blest is that listening ear,
That hears a "still, small voice,"
Which, in this troubled sphere,
Can make the soul rejoice;

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Telling it of that sabbath shore
Of beauty, where all storms are o'er.

Yes, sorrow, terror, gloom,
May hover round us now,
And direful be the doom
Sealed on our country's brow:
Yet shall the sun of glory rise,
And the new earth see fairer skies.

Then calmly wait on God,
E'en in thy saddest day,
That so his chastening rod
May purge thy sins away.
Happy is he, 'mid troublous times,
Who looks for home in heavenly climes.

Hope, let thy wing be free;
Faith, be thou strong and high;
Love, let thy treasure be
Laid up above the sky;
Then when earth's dew drops all exhale,
We'll drink of streams that never fail.

THE DEPARTING.

Sister, bend o'er me now,
And kiss my marble cheek,
And let me hear thy gentle voice
In kindly accents speak.

I do not wish to stay
'Neath earth's dark, stormy sky;
For in that blessed world above,
Are joys that never die.

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The skies are always clear,
The flowers are never dim;
For there, no chilling wind can come,
Nor blighting mists of sin.

Sorrow hath set her seal
On all earth's fair domains;
But gladness, in that better world,
A blessed seraph reigns.

FAREWELL.

Once more awake, my harp,
And let thy breaking chords send forth a sound
Of dying farewells on this passing breeze.
Breathe softly sweet, for spirits, gentle
As the night, are near, calling my weary spirit
To their quiet home.

Farewell, bright earth; ye sunny days, adieu;
And ye dark hours of weariness and grief;
I hear a heavenly whisper calling, come,
Come to a never changing bower
Of immortality.

Why shall I stay?
What voices call me back? The voices
Of my home. But gentle as ye are, and pure,
Breathe not your pleading music in my ear.
Home! Oh! no, our home is not below;
But we have journeyed here together.
Oh! look up. See, *that* is home: ye'll gain it soon,
Bright region; blessed world. Our Father waits
To bless. Farewell, we meet again: sweet ones,
Farewell!

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